

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3931. Vol. 151
FOUNDED 1855

28 February 1931

Price Sixpence.
[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER]

CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 289

LEADING ARTICLES:

Is England Down and Out? 292
What's Wrong with the Navy? ... 293

MIDDLE ARTICLES:

Should We Risk Human Life to Break Records? By Lady Henry Segrave 294
The Problem of Disarmament. II—The Armaments. By Sir Charles Petrie ... 295
Unemployment Insurance—III. By Cyril Martin ... 296
The Schoolmaster as Crusader. By R. A. Scott-James ... 297
Melba. By Robin H. Legge 298
Tribute to Genius. By David Ockham ... 299
Whistles and Caterpillars. By Helen Simpson ... 300
WHOM THE CAP FITS—V. By Achates ... 299

VERSE:

The Inter Hour. By G. I. Scott Moncrieff ... 298
Springtime in a London Sick-room. By Eileen Hewitt ... 310

SHORT STORY:

"Mazie." By Daphne du Maurier ... 300

THE FILMS. By Mark Forrest:

'Abraham Lincoln.' 'Storm Over Asia' ... 303

THE THEATRE. By Gilbert Wakefield:

'My Sister and I' ... 304

PORTRAIT. By Frank Slater:

Mr. Somerset Maugham ... 305

THE "SATURDAY"

COMPETITIONS ... 306

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

... 306

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

... 309

IN GENERAL

... 310

NEW NOVELS. By H. C.

Harwood ... 311

REVIEWS:

French Novelists from the Revolution to Proust. By Osbert Burdett ... 312
From Shikar and Safari: A Big Game Anthology. By R. G. Burton ... 312
Why the Land Dies. By Cloudesley Brereton ... 313
A Journey to China. One Looks at Russia. Maiden Voyage. South of Suez. By J. S. Coltart ... 314
Testament of a Critic. Their Hour Upon the Stage. By Frank A. Clement ... 314
English Literary Periodicals. By D. Willoughby ... 316

SHORTER NOTICES

... 316

ACROSTICS

... 320

THE CITY

... 321

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions, which should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and Letters to the Editor should be addressed to the SATURDAY REVIEW, Editorial, Advertising and Publishing Offices, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 3157.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher. The paper is despatched in time to reach Subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

PARLIAMENT has been engaged this week in financial business in the Commons, and in giving a second reading to the Government's Agricultural Bill in the Lords. But this has been merely the formal and official programme, and the real interest of politics has been behind the scenes.

Sir Oswald Mosley has resigned from the Labour Party, and threatened to take others with him. Many, no doubt, would like to go, for the rank and file of the Government benches are disillusioned with the Government and with themselves. But not many will cut themselves adrift, and though one may bemoan their lack of courage, their timidity at least springs from loyalty.

It would be foolish and futile not to recognize that the Oppositions are in as bad case as the Government. The breach between Mr. Churchill and his late leader has definitely widened, and a Liberal member is said to have asked Mr. Lloyd George what further degradation he proposed for the Liberal Party. A melancholy scene, and a melancholy prospect.

A whole series of by-elections is now in progress, the chief point of which appears to be that the more the candidates competing, the fewer the voters. At Islington last week, for example, in spite of a press campaign, the electric presence of Lord Beaverbrook in the constituency, and four candidates with their attendant organizations, platform speakers, and an avalanche of what is called by courtesy election "literature," only fifty per cent. of those entitled to go to the poll troubled to do so.

No author can afford to be without the current edition of THE WRITERS' & ARTISTS' YEAR BOOK, of which St. John Ervine said in the *Observer*: "... that admirable work of reference ... without which no author's writing-room is properly furnished." It contains full lists of journals and magazines, their addresses, requirements and scales of payment; also invaluable advice by successful authors. Only 3/6 net (postage 4d. extra). Published by A. & C. BLACK, Ltd., 4 Soho Sq., London, W.1

The disintegration of parties proceeds apace, but so also does the increasing boredom of the voters with politics and politicians. The reason is simple. They promise too much and perform too little, and the public is in a fair way to believe neither promise nor performance.

I am reluctantly driven to the conclusion that the economy campaign is merely a stunt. The House of Commons, faced with an increased bill for its own members' railway fees (and only a few weeks after one of its members had been prosecuted for defrauding a railway company) refused even the sensible but modest suggestion of the member for Colchester that it should travel third and not first-class. Similarly the Chairman of the Great Western Railway has been explaining that the men's wages can be cut, but not the directors'.

In other words, if charity begins at home, economy begins in the other fellow's home. If this sort of thing goes on, Pitt's classic phrase that "England saved Europe by her example" will have to be cited in conjunction with the Pauline warning that those who save others may themselves become castaways.

After sitting in public for thirteen days, which I hope will not be an unlucky number, the National Railway Wages Board has announced that it will issue its findings early next month. No one appears willing to predict the result, and even the Stock Exchange has so far manufactured nothing but unfounded rumours. I hear, however, that the result is likely to be a compromise; the rank and file of the staff are to be asked to accept a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. reduction and the higher-paid grades a "cut" of 5 per cent. In the absence of the necessary data, the effect of such an arrangement can only be estimated roughly, but the saving will, of course, amount to very much less than the eleven millions represented by the companies' original proposals.

Coincident with the Sunday film muddle comes the flouting of the Film Censorship by local authorities. The London, Middlesex, and Surrey County Councils have just licensed 'Outward Bound,' on which the Censor had obstinately been sitting for months; the same Councils have given a licence to another film which the Censor had also vetoed; and 'Storm Over Asia' has been showing all this week in one of the London Boroughs.

The case of 'Outward Bound' throws a spotlight on the methods and mentality of the Censorship. As Sutton Vane's morality play, from which the film was adapted, was licensed by the Lord Chamberlain for public performance, the Censorship can obviously not justify its veto on religious grounds. What it has done is to maintain that the theme is not suitable for cinema audiences. In other words, the adult filmgoer must be prevented at all costs from seeing what the playgoer of any age is freely permitted to see.

In the meantime, the Sunday film muddle is in a state of more or less suspended animation. Mr. Clynes states that he is still seeking advice on "certain legal points," which presumably means that he is trying to hammer out a workable compromise that shall not offend extremists on either side. The latest proposal by the industry, which was submitted to the Home Secretary last week, is that any legislation on the subject shall contain a clause enabling one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State to make such regulations as he sees fit for Sunday opening.

I was amused to see it solemnly given in evidence by the general manager of the Midland Bank before the Civil Service Commission (a) that women are more satisfactory at routine work than men, (b) because they are content to remain at it indefinitely, (c) but they become more difficult to manage as they get older, and (d) retire ten years earlier than men. This excellent general manager is no doubt an expert in bank charges and overdrafts and, I hope, the simpler forms of mathematics that bankers practise, but he does not seem to me to have any understanding of what is commonly called argument.

It may indeed be that women are more successful at routine banking work than men; of that matter, those on the wrong side of the banker's counter can have no knowledge. But the subsequent contentions are obviously absurd. If women were content to remain at routine work indefinitely, they would not retire at fifty, ten years earlier than men. I am sure the ladies employed by the Midland Bank are charming, but I imagine that few of them retire at fifty instead of sixty in order to marry young.

As to the opinion that women become more difficult to manage as they get older, here bankers may rush in where ordinary men fear to tread. But if it is so, then women must be different from every other animal, wild or domesticated, that one has ever heard of. I suggest that the real reason why *Bankeress ferox, fam. Midlandia* becomes troublesome with age is that she finds she is in a blind-alley occupation. After all, the tamest beast in the world will bite if cornered.

While on this subject of woman's unfitness for anything but routine work, I cannot help being surprised that so little recognition has been accorded to Mrs. Victor Bruce, who returned to England last Friday, for completing a lone flight round the world—which is not precisely a matter of routine. At a dinner welcoming her home this week, she spoke unassumingly of her amazing adventures, showing that a woman's power of endurance is not very far behind that of a man.

She has set her sisters a fine example in conceiving a plan and carrying it through with a quiet bravery, at the same time seeking none of that press advertisement which, unluckily, is sometimes over-exploited by women, on account of their sex. Women can do these things, and I admire Mrs. Bruce for being one of the first to do them and for not talking of it overmuch.

With brighter weather the flowers are coming out at Kew in the open. "The ground-flame of the crocus breaks the mould" under a tree; the snowdrops are making up for being late, and in the Rock Garden the snowflake makes a show with early rhododendrons and the little blue iris which braves the frost. Next month there will be red camellias and the yellow Forsythia which masses its flowers without leaves. House No. 4, which no visitor should miss, is a dream of varied beauty from gorgeous, deep-red lilies to pear blossom from Japan.

Something more than a formal salutation of regret is due to the passing of the *Nation*, which is amalgamated this week with the *New Statesman*. During the last few years the paper has been, perhaps for more reasons than one, a literary rather than a political force, but one will miss it none the less as something that stood for quality and distinction rather than quantity and mass-production.

With fine courage the *Nation* refused to write its own obituary notice, and remarked genially that "our readers are invited to a marriage and a christening, not to a funeral." Even in these days it is not quite usual to have the wedding and the baptism at the same moment, but this analogy apart, we wish our contemporary the best of luck.

The situation in Australia has developed into a twin struggle; the banks and the Government are at grips on the question of public economy as the first step towards rehabilitation of finance and credit; the Labour Party, both in the Commonwealth and the States, is sharply divided between the Scullinites and the Langites. In other words, the issue is definitely drawn between those who stand for integrity and those who support repudiation. So far the battle has gone in favour of the advocates of Economy and Integrity. The Labour Party is split, and if an appeal were made to the country, there is little doubt that the Nationalists would triumph. The appeal may not be far off.

Spain appears to be settling down again, though it would almost certainly be a mistake to conclude that her troubles are over. The King, as I forecast last week, has won the first round, and he has thrown the ranks of his opponents into disorder, but they have yet to be finally broken. There are, too, rumours of divisions among the members of the new Government, so that it would be rash to prophesy any prolonged period of calm. Meanwhile, the British Constitution has become an object of admiration to Spanish politicians—I hope not on the "owner having no further use for same" principle.

Though photographs of street improvements often figure in the Roman papers, it is only quite recently that plans have been published which show that nothing less than an entire new lay-out is under contemplation. The Rome which all of us except a few veterans know is

the Rome which came into existence after 1870. Now it, too, is to pass in accordance with the law that in the Eternal City no detail endures.

The Rome of to-day is also the result of a plan. Like most creations of its apathetic period, it languished, and I myself can remember jokes about the snail, the tortoise and the *piano regolatore*. Still, it created the great thoroughfare which, under various names, runs from the station to the Borgo and about which much of the life of modern Rome is centred.

Since the war, Rome has definitely expanded beyond the limits of her walls, and the primary aim of the new plan is to provide arterial thoroughfares across what is now the Inner City. It is an amazingly ingenious project, giving new lines of traffic where they are most wanted, and at the same time opening up vistas of Rome's greatest monuments.

What I should like to know is why no one ever tries, in the same spirit, to deal with London as a whole. Our authorities are almost incredibly narrow in their outlook. They build a new bridge, as at Lambeth, with no arterial roads leading up to it, or they lay out an arterial road, such as Kingsway, and do not prolong it across the river. Even our men of vision can dream only of a Napoleon of Notting Hill when what we want is a Mussolini of the County Hall.

THE NEW STRUWELPETER—2*

OUR Stanley was a chubby lad,
Fat rosy cheeks our Stanley had,
And everybody saw with glee
Our plump and hearty Stanley B.
He ate his roly-poly up
And asked for more when he did sup.
But one day, one cold winter's day
He cried out, Take the stuff away,
Oh, take the nasty stuff away;
It tastes like Beaverbrook to-day!

Next day, now look, the picture shows
How lank and lean our Stanley grows!
Yet though he feels so weak and ill,
The naughty fellow cries out still,
Not any policy for me to-day,
I won't have Empire Food, I say.
O take that nasty stuff away
The quota's all I want to-day.

The third day comes with Dr. Churchill
Our Stanley's still more weak and ill,
Yet when his physic's put on table,
He screams as loud as he is able,
Oh take that he-man stuff away,
Peace in our time is what I say,
No Winston-Carnis here to-day.

Look at him now the fourth day's here;
He weighs no more than Rothermere,
He's lost his grip, he's lost his voice,
(Just see the Socialists rejoice)
And all because he wouldn't eat
His Empire Roly-Poly sweet.

* Mrs. Baldwin has revealed that Mr. Baldwin prefers Roly-poly to any other dish, but that he is not allowed to eat it at home, lest it should make him too stout.

IS ENGLAND DOWN AND OUT?

THE Englishman is by tradition a grumbler about his own country. In Victorian times England was going to the dogs. To-day she is down and out. The metaphor changes; the sentiment abides. It is, indeed, a sentiment of immemorial antiquity and it may fairly be claimed that our political greatness rests upon it. The whole principle of Parliamentary sovereignty is founded on the doctrine that redress of grievances must precede supply, on the view, in other words, that the country is going to the dogs so rapidly that the movement must be arrested at once.

A sentiment which has produced such wonderfully successful results must have some substratum of truth, and, in fact, there are a good many occasions in her history when England was not merely progressing dogwards, but had actually reached the kennels. Take, as a most striking example, the contrast between 1763-1783. The former year saw the close of the Seven Years War, the struggle in which England, no longer content to beat off the assaults of France, passed to the offensive, established her supremacy on the seas and, in confirmation of it, annexed the French Colonial Empire. Twenty years later what a bewildering change! The hereditary enemy again victorious, the newly won Empire disintegrated, the sea-proud British flag withdrawn altogether from the Mediterranean until Nelson hoisted it again at the Nile. Yet less than a generation lies between the year of Britain's deepest humiliation and the final triumph at Waterloo.

These same occasional descents into the depths can be traced all through our history. Queen Mary's reign saw the final extinction of England's European Empire, which had once stretched from the Channel to the Pyrenees. In 1649 regicide England, given over to revolution and civil war, had forfeited all the prestige which the Tudors had acquired. Even the splendid Victorian age had its weak moments. In the middle 'sixties, for example, England had been treated with more or less open contempt by the Tsar, the Emperor of the French, and Bismarck.

The truth is, of course, that when a country begins to fall from the very top—a position which it is England's practice to assume—its decline is necessarily swift and conspicuous. What is remarkable in our case is the extraordinary rapidity with which decline has been arrested and the situation restored. Mary's England which lost Calais is less than a lifetime away from Elizabeth's England which defeated the Armada. Only ten years separates the distracted England which Cromwell found from the formidable England which he left. And though the reversals of diplomacy are less melodramatically swift than those of battle, fifteen years takes us from John Russell's humiliations to Disraeli's Peace with Honour.

The speed and brilliancy of our recoveries really give the clue to the bewildering changes in which our history abounds. What distinguishes us throughout the centuries from all other nations, except possibly the French, is our people's refusal to allow their qualities to be bound up with their system of government. Marv, Charles I, George III cherished conceptions of England which failed to appeal to them. Accordingly they ignored them

and let the unsupported ideas fall by their own weight. On the other hand, Elizabeth, Cromwell and the two Pitts commanded their enthusiasm. Therefore they put their weight behind their leaders' statesmanship and saw that it prevailed. The antecedent collapse was no more than a symptom of successful transition.

There are two circumstances which suggest that a parallel transition is in progress to-day. In the first place the pessimism now current is curiously limited. The cotton spinner sighs; but the manufacturer of electric apparatus is too busy even to smile. Similarly, the sportsman-athlete looks sorrowfully back to the distant times when we could beat France at tennis and Australia at cricket; but the sportsman-engineer rubs his hands over British speed records by land, sea and air. It is all evidence of the inadequacy of our present system. Ours, it appears, has now become a curate's egg of a machine. It functions well in parts.

Equally significant is the attention which we pay to criticism from abroad. Time was when an Englishman was as good as three foreigners. To-day we give an attentive ear to the American who talks to us about our obsolete machinery, to the Frenchman who examines the causes of the decline in our agriculture, to the German who explains the principle of industrial rationalization, to the Italian and the Russian who instruct us in new conceptions of the State. We feel that there is at present something missing in our scheme of things; perhaps the foreigner will be able to tell us what it is.

The exceptionally strong feeling, both for and against, aroused in almost equal measure by Fascism and Bolshevism, gives us a hint as to the nature of the missing element. These two rival systems have one quality in common: both emphatically incorporate economic activities in their conception of the State. Our own State, on the other hand, is utterly helpless in economic affairs. Whitehall can no more settle Labour disputes than Nanking can settle a rebel Tuchun.

The weakness is patent. Nevertheless things could hardly be otherwise. Our present constitutional system is the creation of the nineteenth century. It aimed, and with complete success, at political freedom. But it washed its hands of economic matters and even elevated its policy of abstention into a dogma.

To-day, political issues have largely ceased to matter, whereas economic issues hold the public mind. The future of exports, the revival of agriculture, the value of tariffs, the relations of employers and employed—these are the questions that demand answers now, and to none of them is our present system able even to address itself. Therefore the system is visibly weakening, and shortsighted critics attribute the weakness to the mass of the people who are really busy with something quite different from its maintenance. It is quite true that the old England is going to the dogs. It is also true that we are prepared to let it go. What matters is whether we can make a new England, worthy of her ancestors, to take its place. As yet—witness last week's Parliamentary debates—we have not begun to try.

28 February 1931

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE NAVY?

IN these days of financial stringency, and of disarmament proposals which are not the least of its consequences, it is important that the armed forces of the nation should make up in efficiency for what they lack in strength, and particularly is this so with regard to the Navy. At the close of the late war its strength was, necessarily, so great as to constitute, in normal times, a very definite threat to our neighbours upon the Continent, and in these circumstances successive administrations have, in our opinion, done well to effect a considerable reduction. At the same time, it is essential that now, more than ever before, the country should get full value for every penny it spends in this direction, for, whether we like it or not, the fact remains that Great Britain is poorer to-day than for many a long year, and the poor are obliged to see that they get a hundred per cent. return for what they spend, whereas the rich can afford to be content with less.

Such being the case, we extend a warm welcome to a book published to-day entitled 'Navies of To-day and To-morrow,' by Captain Bernard Acworth (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 8s. 6d.). We are not in agreement with all the author's criticisms and recommendations, but we do feel that he has performed a public service in drawing attention to the problems that confront the Navy at the present time. Briefly, his contention is that the reforms initiated by the late Lord Fisher have in the end done more harm than good, and that specialization has been, and is being, favoured to the detriment of true seamanship. Captain Acworth draws special attention to the fact that the substitution, in his opinion quite needless, of oil for coal as fuel has not only made the Navy dependent upon foreign, rather than domestic, sources of supply, but has also dealt a heavy blow to one of the principal British industries. He is by no means satisfied that the training of officers is as good as it was, and he points out that although the personnel is some 45,000 fewer than in 1913, the number of officers and others employed ashore, chiefly on staff or research duties, is far greater than before the war. Lastly, although the cost of warship construction has increased enormously during the present century, Captain Acworth doubts whether as fighting units our modern ships are any better.

All this is extremely disquieting, and although only those with a specialist's training can express a considered opinion, yet, as he who pays the piper calls the tune, the taxpayer would do well to give Captain Acworth's criticisms his earnest attention, and, for our part, we advise our readers to peruse his arguments for themselves. Stripped of all technicalities, the question is whether the Navy is worth what it costs. Unfortunately, the only decisive test that can be applied is another war, and that is rather too high a price to pay. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Lord Fisher's schemes clearly left a good deal to be desired. Jutland was a fiasco which the derided Blue Water School would probably have avoided, while the return to the convoy system for the protection of mer-

chant shipping was a confession that the various anti-submarine devices were a definite failure. Yet, in spite of all this, sailors are still being trained as experts rather than as seamen, and individual initiative, the thing that above all others contributed to victory in the past, is now apparently being discouraged. Captain Acworth considers, and the point is worth discussion, that the Navy has a good deal to learn from the Mercantile Marine in all that relates to seamanship.

What fills us, we confess, with alarm is the obvious infection of the Admiralty with the bureaucratic germ. This is an age, both in Church and State, of administration by boards, committees, and commissions; the individual counts for nothing, or rather he takes care that no responsibility shall ever fall upon him. "Safety First," in effect, has become the order of the day, and excellent as this maxim may be where the avoidance of oncoming traffic is concerned, it has never yet served as a satisfactory basis for statecraft. Still less can it be commended to those who control the destinies of the armed forces of the Crown. We do not recollect that this principle inspired Nelson when he put his blind eye to the telescope at Copenhagen, or that it was adopted by Lord Roberts when he decided to march to Kandahar. Nor does it seem to be applicable even to the civil problems of the present day, if the result of the last General Election is to be taken as any guide to public opinion. Our fellow-countrymen do not desire a Navy of engineers in dungarees, officered by specialists who have never served afloat and directed by an Admiralty that fondly imagines it can control the operations of a fleet from Whitehall. As in the case of the First Lord in 'H.M.S. Pinafore,' the way to get on is now apparently to "stick close to your desks and never go to sea."

The country can no longer afford a Navy that is supreme in every ocean, it is true, but what it does demand is that the force it maintains shall be the most efficient in the world. Captain Acworth's book leaves us with the uneasy feeling that efficiency is fading, and that money is being frittered away by cranks upon costly experiments of no possible use. Until a fairly recent date the Admiralty could rely upon the acquiescence of the public in any suggestions it might make, but this is no longer true and the reason is not far to seek. The Navy did less than was expected in the late war, while the Army surpassed all expectations, and as a result the latter has as definitely gone up in popular esteem as the former has gone down. The Admiralty would thus be well advised to pay the utmost attention to such criticisms as those of Captain Acworth, for we can assure those responsible that the nation is in no mood to go on paying the top price for what in the hour of crisis may prove to be an inferior article. There have been too many disquieting incidents of late to justify any implicit faith in the present administration of the Fighting Services, and if Lord Fisher's successors prove to be unworthy of their trust, they can hardly complain if the cry goes up "Sack the lot."

SHOULD WE RISK HUMAN LIFE TO BREAK RECORDS?

BY LADY HENRY SEGRAVE

THIS would be a poor kind of world if no one took risks for fear of the consequences. No great feat has ever been achieved which did not involve in the first place the possibility of failure and perhaps disaster. It is a common saying that "He who ventures nothing, gains nothing." It is equally true to say that he who is not afraid to stake everything he has in a worthy cause must command honour and respect.

It requires courage and strength of spirit to risk everything even when the rewards are personal only. When the stake is not so much personal honour and glory as national prestige, then the level is higher altogether. Several events of this kind take place during 1931—notably the Schneider Trophy Race, in September, when Britain will defend her title to the Trophy.

Here you have an outstanding instance of men risking their lives, not merely to break records, but in the hope of achieving something glorious for their country. The best brains of the nation, the best craftsmen, the most skilled mechanics are engaged in the building of machines which can be sent hurtling through space at something over 350 miles an hour. In the last two Schneider Trophy races, British pilots in British machines have triumphed against the whole world. If we can repeat these successes again this year, it will constitute one of the greatest national triumphs of the century. British prestige will be enhanced and the position of our aviation assured. There will be immense risks and great difficulties to be overcome before this is possible. Flying at 350 miles an hour is an ordeal not lightly undertaken, even by the most skilled pilots. The element of personal danger is considerable. The men who do these things are not blind to the risks they run. On the contrary, they probably apprehend the danger much more clearly than we who can only guess at it. They play their own hand against Fate, and trust to their own skill and nerve and a kindly Providence to see them through.

In undertakings of this kind, as in motor-racing and high-speed trials on water, everything that human ingenuity can devise is done to eliminate risk. But the risk to human life cannot be eliminated. Should it therefore be avoided?

I have been asked this question often. I have never been in doubt about the answer.

Men do not achieve great things either for themselves, or for the country, or for both, without taking commensurate risks. In some spheres the risks are not actually physical. They may be risks to honour, to happiness, to prestige. In other vocations they are direct risks to life.

In days gone by the known world was confined to the lands around the Mediterranean. Had all men been afraid to risk the dangers of exploration, civilization as we know it might still be confined to Greece and Rome. It is not so many centuries ago that an intrepid sailor risked life and reputation, and embarked in a small ship to cross an unknown and uncharted ocean, whose limits were not even imagined, in search of a mythical continent to the west. America is the result. We honour the names of great men who have sacrificed their lives for humanity. The science of X-rays, with its untold benefits to the sick and suffering, was even in recent years made possible only by considerable physical sacrifice on the part of its pioneers. The story of aviation progress is a glorious record of personal sacrifice. Equally heroic is the history of speed on land and water.

"Safety First" has no meaning to the venturesome spirit. It may well be that it is a sound basis when progress is no longer possible or desirable. But while men are inspired by a pioneer spirit, by an urge to carry progress one stage further in some particular branch of art or science or knowledge, whether it be for their own personal aggrandizement or for their country's prestige or for the sake of humanity at large, so long will risk and danger be cheerfully faced. And in such cases, the justification for the risks to human life and happiness is to be found no less in the motives which inspire them than in the end to be achieved.

This alone can be the standard by which we must judge.

Judged thus, whether the establishment, from time to time, of new high-speed records justifies these risks is dependent on the circumstances of each particular case. If the man who faces them, skilful, courageous and daring though he may be, has as his ultimate goal merely the desire for personal triumph, then the end does not justify the means. To bring sorrow and suffering into the lives of close friends and near relatives, merely in the hope of gratifying a selfish ambition, is not heroic. Nor does self-sacrifice necessarily make it so.

But if allied to the adventurous spirit's craving to achieve there is the finer and nobler motive to achieve for one's native land, to cleave a way along which others may follow, and to add a new stanza to the epic frame of human progress, then no risk is unjustified, no task too arduous, no sacrifice too great.

These, I believe, are the motives and inspiration of most attempts on high-speed records. It would be futile to suggest that the honour and glory of personal achievement is a negligible factor. To do so would be to ignore human nature. But if personal ambition can find its expression in service and sacrifice, then personal endeavour becomes ennobled. Those who prefer to sit safely and securely aside while others strive are not likely to achieve much either for themselves or others.

All the world knows that my husband's great ambition was to see England supreme in high speed records for the three elements—on land, on sea and in the air. The part he played in making this an accomplished fact needs no further telling. But though his career was just one great risk after another, like every other man who has done big things, he endeavoured to eliminate, as far as human skill and ingenuity may, the possibilities of disaster. The risks he took were never foolhardy, his preparations always thorough and painstaking. He provided carefully for every contingency that he could foresee, but there are always some for which no provision can be made.

Many men who are engaged in dangerous occupations become fatalistic. Racing drivers in particular, I believe, develop this outlook on life. The hazards inseparable from immense speeds in any element are so great that the ultimate factor in triumph or disaster is not so much skill or courage or presence of mind in a crisis, as some intangible, imponderable element beyond human control.

And what of the wives of these men? Their task is scarcely less arduous than that of their husbands. Despite their natural fears, despite anxieties and qualms, they assist, encourage even, and face the future bravely. Certainly not theirs to deter and hinder. The womenfolk share the risks, as they share in the joy of achievement when dangers are overcome and courage has conquered.

THE PROBLEM OF DISARMAMENT II—THE ARMAMENTS

BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE

WHEN one turns from a consideration of the general principles governing disarmament to an examination of the armaments themselves, it is to be faced with the necessity of defining one's terms. What, in short, are armaments? We have already seen that the word may have a much wider significance than it had twenty or thirty years ago, and without going so far as the laboratory it is not easy to arrive at a definition. The last war proved that in time of crisis almost every branch of national activity can be adapted to military or naval ends, but we are here concerned with peace strengths, though, even so, the question is a difficult one to answer. Are police, for instance, to be taken into consideration in estimating the armed force of a nation? In some instances they must clearly be included, and the Guardia Civil of Spain and the Italian Carabinieri are to all intents and purposes soldiers, but it would be ridiculous to place the ordinary English constable upon the same footing. Difficult as the distinction may be to make between a policeman who is a soldier and a policeman who is not, it is one to which the forthcoming conference will have to pay the closest attention, for it is quite useless to reduce the number of soldiers in the world if they are merely to reappear in the guise of police.

Statistics relating to the armaments of the past are not easy to obtain, and, in any case, the changes due to the progress of invention in recent years would render them a very unsafe guide. It is, however, not without interest to note that Gibbon estimated the total land and sea forces of the Roman Empire on the accession of Commodus at about 450,000 men, to guard a State whose population the same historian assesses at about 120,000,000. These figures bear, of course, no relation to the facts of the twentieth century, though some writers have urged it as a curious commentary upon our civilization that the modern kingdoms of Spain and Egypt needed a garrison of but one legion apiece to assure their tranquillity as Roman provinces. In more recent times, Leigh Hunt complained that the Powers of the Holy Alliance had not effected any substantial reduction in their armaments after Waterloo, and this may well have been true though the fact that there was peace, of a sort, for nearly forty years would seem to argue that their respective military and naval establishments were not upon a scale that was calculated to alarm their neighbours. Indeed, it was not until the beginning of the present century that the armament race, as it is understood to-day, really began.

To take military forces first of all, a glance at the following table, giving the number of effectives of the leading Powers in 1898 and 1913 respectively, is sufficient to show how that race developed in the years immediately preceding the late war:

	1898	1913
Austria-Hungary	358,000	424,000
France	574,000	646,000
Germany	581,000	791,000
Great Britain	254,000	257,000
Italy	256,000	274,000
Japan	413,000	250,000
Russia	930,000	1,200,000
Spain	129,000	93,000
U.S.A.	28,000	105,000

It will be noticed that, save in the case of Japan and Spain, there was a marked increase in the period under review, and the two exceptions are of no importance. In 1898 Japan and Spain were bracing themselves for war with Russia and the United States respectively, while by 1913 they no longer had any need, though for very different reasons, of such extensive armaments.

For the rest, if ever the theory, of which mention has already been made, that the best way to secure peace is to prepare for war held true, it was surely during these years, for warlike preparations were everywhere proceeding apace. The result, however, brought not peace but a sword. The post-war period, on the contrary, has, in spite of many alarms and excursions, shown a considerable reduction even on the 1898 figures, though in the case of the vanquished in the conflict it must not be forgotten that this has been due to external pressure:

	1920	1930
Czecho-Slovakia	150,000	120,000
France	660,000	468,000
Germany	100,000	100,000
Great Britain	341,000	207,000
Italy	250,000	251,000
Japan	250,000	214,000
Poland	714,000	254,000
Rumania	250,000	186,000
Russia	not known	562,000
Spain	300,000	168,000
United States	213,000	138,000
Yugo-Slavia	150,000	109,000

(N.B.—The French figures are exclusive of gendarmerie, the Italian are inclusive of Carabinieri, and the Spanish are exclusive of the Guardia Civil and Carabineros.)

To some extent the 1920 figures are abnormal in that Poland and Spain were at war, the one with Russia and the other in Morocco, while several other Powers were performing garrison duty in occupied areas. In these circumstances it is clearly unfair to assert that there has been no effective reduction of land armaments in recent years, for they have fallen by over thirty per cent. since 1913.

In the case of the navies of the world the position is much the same, though invention has played a larger part in the determination of relative strength than in the case of the armies. The early years of the century saw the capital ship still supreme, and they witnessed a struggle between Great Britain and Germany for the mastery of the seas. In the middle of this contest the launching of the *Dreadnought* marked a revolution in naval construction that at once rendered obsolete all battleships built before that date, and so an added fillip was given to the expansion of naval armaments. Since the war the capital ship has fallen into disfavour, not least because its immense cost is felt to be out of all proportion to its usefulness, and so there has been little difficulty in securing an agreement limiting the size and number of these monsters. On the other hand, the smaller craft have, not unnaturally, tended to assume greater importance. The German "pocket battleships" have become almost a household word, although by the Treaty of Versailles they may not exceed 6,000 tons. The destroyer-leader, unknown of old, is little, if at all, less than a cruiser in striking force, and the latest submarines may without exaggeration almost be described as capital ships that go under the water.

In these circumstances comparative tables of naval strength are apt to be misleading, but the situation may be roughly summarized without their aid. The London Conference of last year showed that at one end of the scale the large cruiser is still favoured by the United States, and that at the other the submarine appeals very strongly to France, while Great Britain and Italy were prepared to agree to the total abolition of all under-water craft. In effect, each Power has a natural partiality for the type of ship that suits its own requirements best. Japan, supreme in the Far East, regards the problem from the point of view of the defence of her own shores. To the United States the maintenance of a navy is inextricably entangled with the determination to assert national prestige, and so something that will look worth the money spent upon it finds favour in the eyes of Washington. Great Britain has to think in terms of lines of communication

all over the world, and consequently the Admiralty has a marked preference for the fast cruiser. For France and Italy (particularly for the latter) the Mediterranean is of very great importance, and both Powers accordingly concentrate upon the class of ship that will be most useful in the inland sea. Such being the case, a common formula of disarmament is not easy to find, though much has already been accomplished, and it is no small thing that an armament race between the two leading naval Powers of the world, Great Britain and the United States, has been prevented.

No conference on aerial disarmament has yet been held, and this aspect of the problem is the most baffling. Indeed, the situation in this respect resembles that of an earlier age when there were no standing armies, and every yeoman was a potential archer. To-day, every pilot is a potential military or naval aviator, and every machine is capable of adaptation to warlike purposes with greater or less ease. It is true that the victorious allies deprived Germany of all military aeroplanes, but civil flying has made such rapid strides in that country of late years that it is doubtful whether this particular stipulation has any meaning whatever at the present time. It is true that the number of military planes possessed by each Power could be limited, and stringent regulations governing their use in time of war laid down, but unless such an agreement were carried out in the spirit, the letter of it would not be of much avail. France, of course, possesses the largest number of military aircraft in Europe, with Italy a good second. Russia is also adding very considerably to her aerial armaments, but their efficiency is as yet a subject for conjecture.

There can be no doubt that the question of expense is proving a powerful factor in the reduction of armaments. Ships cost more year by year, while mechanization, though it may make it possible to dispense with the services of a certain number of men, is in the end likely to increase the military budget. This fact has not been without its influence in bringing about the decreases which have already taken place.

(To be continued)

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE—III

BY CYRIL MARTIN

IT is a fair test of any form of government to see how it tackles questions concerning the financial interests of a predominant political section of the community. In our country the days before the Reform Bill do not show a good record in this respect. The politically predominant class, the social aristocracy of birth and royal favour, feathered their own nests fairly consistently. Between the Reform Bill and the coming of our modern conception of democracy, the predominant political class was the middle-class, and on the whole their record in this respect was a good one. After the vast extension of the franchise in 1918 the wage-earners became politically predominant and their record is now due to be weighed up. It is time that we realized that the question of unemployment "insurance," on which I have contributed two articles in recent numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW (February 14 and 21), is the test by which modern democracy is likely to be judged.

It has been obvious for many months that the national scheme is not only insolvent, but also an instrument of widespread abuse. The original scheme of 1911 was based upon sound principles, but from 1918 onwards politicians, with their eyes fixed upon the political power of the wage-earning classes, have adopted one expedient after another to enable benefits to be paid regardless of either the financial stability of the scheme or of its moral effect upon the community. All parties must share the responsibility. The sound principles of 1911 had been surrendered

long before the arrival of the first Labour Government in 1924. Between the first and the second Labour Governments no attempt was made to get the scheme back to sound principles. No wonder, then, that last year an all-party conference met to work out ways and means for doing what should have been done many years previously. Had that conference succeeded, it might be possible to say that modern democracy had passed our test. But the events that have happened since the end of that conference compel us to face the possibility that we may have to regard modern democracy as the most corrupt form of government that we have ever seen.

I care nothing for party reputations and shall make no attempt to allot blame as between the parties. But I do care for the government of our country and about the merits and dangers of its existing form of government. I cannot help regarding the speech of Miss Bondfield, our Minister of Labour, in the House of Commons on February 16 last as proof that our present form of democracy will lead to our ruin through internal combustion.

Before the present Government came into office the practice had begun of borrowing capital to maintain the income of the insurance fund. The politicians were pleased to tell us that we were only confronted by a temporary difficulty and that, therefore, there was no harm in maintaining the unemployed on a non-insurance basis out of capital. The Labour Party, after a few months of office, proposed similar measures, although Miss Bondfield said that if such borrowings continued, "it would be a dishonest course because it would be contracting a debt that you saw no possible way of paying off." Since then the "borrowings" have been more than doubled. Up to last week Parliament had authorized "borrowings" up to seventy millions sterling. Within a few hours of Mr. Snowden's sensational warning about our national finances, Miss Bondfield asked, and asked successfully, for another twenty millions, twice as big an instalment as any Minister of Labour has ever asked for before for this purpose. This was done without the slightest attempt to put right existing and well-known extravagances and leakages in the administration of the insurance scheme.

There is not a member of a Court of Referees or any responsible official of an Employment Exchange who cannot put his finger on abuses in the present scheme. In my two articles in this journal I have put forward some remedies which have been suggested to me. Millions could be saved without inflicting hardship on anybody. An enquiry like that now being conducted by the Royal Commission is, of course, necessary before proposals can be introduced to put the whole scheme back on to a sound basis. But ways in plenty are known by which huge economies could be made at once. Why are they not adopted? Simply because the Government dare not face the electoral unpopularity that must follow any limitation of the benefits drawn by electors. It is presumably hoped that the electors will accept unpleasant changes if they are backed by the authority of a Royal Commission that they would resent if they came merely from a political government. Meanwhile the Government spokesmen can continue for six months to talk about their "considered view that a scheme of unemployment insurance should be self-supporting" and yet pour out the nation's capital at the rate of very many millions sterling a year without any plans for its repayment.

The non-official elements of the Labour Party have made it perfectly clear that they will oppose any reductions of benefits, whatever the Royal Commission may propose. Seeing the past record of all the parties on this question, what are the chances of our ever getting back to sound finance? The predominant electoral power now lies, as I have said, with the classes that draw the uneconomic benefits. That is the

main fact that has to be faced. I can see no prospect that the rake's progress will be stopped. Unless some change takes place (of which there is as yet no sign whatever) in the mentality of political parties, we shall drift and drift until our country gets into a position similar to that of Australia at the present moment. When an individual spends more than his income over a long period, bankruptcy faces him and bankruptcy is a form of individual inflation. A man's pound has, in the end, to be divided among several creditors who have good claims for a pound each. So with nations. Our pound must become something of very different value if we go on pouring out capital as we are now doing. This is where our present form of democratic government is leading us. Herein lies the true importance of our present problems of unemployment insurance.

My own opinion is that a preliminary to the acceptance of sound finance by the people must be their acceptance of that principle that was inherent in our constitution from 1834 to 1918, namely, that those who draw relief from public funds must not enjoy the right of electing their rulers. The recipients of benefits given in consequence of genuine insurance must not, of course, be affected in their political privileges. But those who draw benefits that are in reality poor relief must be deprived of their votes. Sir John Simon has recently stated that "of the insured population of this country over 21 per cent. are unemployed and only 10 per cent. could receive benefit out of the fund on an actuarial basis." Unless the remaining 11 per cent., and all recipients of poor relief who are outside the insurance scheme, are disfranchised, there is no prospect whatever that any Government will be able to put an end to the present conditions. Under our present political system all our politicians are the slaves of those who receive uneconomic benefit. Until that balance of power is changed it is idle to expect sound reform. This is the true lesson of our present troubles about unemployment insurance. If we as a nation have not the courage to tackle this fundamental problem, we must drift, as Australia has drifted, into the deep and murky waters of inflation and repudiation.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AS CRUSADER

BY R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

THE present Headmaster of Harrow, Dr. Cyril Norwood, is no ordinary headmaster. He is as different from most headmasters as Dr. Jowett was different from most Heads of Oxford Colleges. Like Jowett, he has his eye on a social world outside the charmed circle in which members of the teaching profession live, move and have their being. He has a modern man's interest in the modern world.

Many others in his position take a humane interest in boys and in all school subjects—in school work and in school sports. Throughout their lives they may have given watchful attention to the characters and temperaments of boys; they may have been eager to see that each of them leaves the school with his individuality developed as far as it admits of being developed. The raw material of their science consists of some hundreds of young persons who are the units in the public school organism. Their friends and associates are generally colleagues, or men and women who are parents, or potential parents, of pupils. They may be interested in literature, or philosophy, or religion, or even in theories of citizenship. Here is a field of activity engrossing enough to absorb the attention of the average headmaster—if I may be permitted to speak of such important personages in terms of an average.

But Dr. Norwood does not rest there. He takes cognizance of the competitive world of politics. He is aware of that strange, seething mass of activity which is journalism. He is interested in the industrial

changes which are due to the use of oil instead of coal, or electrical power instead of steam. He is concerned about the persistence of unemployment, the recurrence of strikes and the problem of post-war finance. He looks forward to the time when the boundless possibilities of the African Continent will have been explored by the next generation of Englishmen. And he turns from the academic study of democracy to consider democracy as it actually is, with its millions of developed appetites and undeveloped minds exposed to the bewildering assaults of "slick" politicians and glib Press-men. He sees the larger world of society around him imperilled by ignorance, opportunism, mendacity, quackery. He is anxious to discover a remedy.

And where is he to find it? Where, if not in the public schools? He would have boys sent out from these great institutions into this larger world as he sees it, aware of its problems, equipped to cope with them, their minds stored with the right knowledge, their characters charged with the right resolves, so that they become the natural organism of society, the informed leaders of a nation which, without them, from lack of disinterested leadership may collapse. In this service he would enlist the high traditions, the "code," the team-work of the public schools.

When Dr. Norwood expressed these views, he was speaking to a gathering of young assistant-masters. It was evident that in imposing a great duty on the public schools he was imposing a difficult and supremely responsible task upon them. In effect he was preaching a Crusade, and the first Crusaders would have to be recruited from the rank and file of the masters in the public schools. If such a movement was to be set going, it must begin with them. They must know not only Latin and Greek, mathematics, science or languages, but also the realities of the business world, the truth and falsity of politics, the problems of industrialism, the psychology of the masses. They must have been in some sort of touch with the rough-and-tumble of humanity. Possessed of knowledge, they must know how to make knowledge a practical influence in the world. If Dr. Norwood's schoolmasters have not equipped themselves by some immediate contacts with these problems, in such a mission as he proposes they would surely be blind leaders of the blind.

And there, precisely, lies the difficulty. In many ways the public school, with the university, seems to afford the ideal ground from which to challenge some of the worst disintegrating forces of our time. There, at least, we are sure of a high standard of truthfulness and honour. There we find a disinterested pursuit of objects—whether studies or games—for their own sakes. There we may become familiar with cheerfully accepted discipline, with orderliness, with urbanity.

But we cannot fail to observe that those who come out after this period of training fall into two classes. First, there are those whose path takes them out into what, for want of a better word, I must call "the world"—who become lawyers, journalists, politicians or business men. These quickly find themselves in an atmosphere so utterly different from all that they have known or thought of at school that their experience is divided into two mutually exclusive parts. One belongs to their memory of school—fond living over again of the past in leisure moments—the other to the new life they have come into. The gulf fixed between the two is immeasurable. In the transition from the life of the public school to the life of the man of the world there is no continuity; and because, from the very nature of the first, there is no continuity, the influence of the one upon the other is reduced to a minimum.

The second class consists of those who in spirit never leave the school—or perhaps I should say the university—during the whole of their lives. From school they pass to Oxford or Cambridge, and thence they go back to the school again, carrying with them into middle age

their undergraduate habits and their undergraduate interests. If they were scholars and sportsmen at college, they remain scholars and sportsmen. If they were earnest and full of theories for regenerating the world, they remain earnest and full of theories for regenerating the world. Their learning may become more thorough, their sportsmanship more shrewd, their earnestness more replete with scheduled works, their humour more mellow, or more tinged with the grey of irony. They are still truthful, honourable, disinterested, uncorrupted by the greed and opportunism of the world. But they have never been exposed to it. They have never been tried. They belong to a sphere apart, in which schoolboys, grown old in the service of schoolboys, seek to mould the minds of schoolboys like themselves.

Great as is our respect for those who have thus chosen the life of the cloister—scarcely less cloistral because it includes the cricket-field as well as the classroom—we cannot feel that men who have been so secluded from the world are prepared for leadership in Dr. Norwood's Crusade. To be a schoolboy is excellent. To be an undergraduate is excellent. But to be always a schoolboy, or always an undergraduate, is to be without that experience which a man should have if he is to give boys the ideal preparation for being the ideal citizens of the world.

It is scarcely my job to suggest a remedy. But there seems to be one remedy so obvious that I need not shrink from naming it. Is it necessary or desirable that young men should move direct from the academic life of the university to the academic life of the public school without any intervening period of fully adult experience? Might not Dr. Norwood and other headmasters make it a rule that future staff appointments should be given only to men who have had at least a few years' experience as full-time journalists, or secretaries to politicians, or assistants to medical officers of health, or farmers in the Dominions, or as business men, or—best of all—as elementary school-teachers in an industrial area? A man who had secured a First in Greats, rowed for Oxford, and spent four years in an elementary school in Middlesbrough or Merthyr Tydvil should be an ideal candidate for a mastership at Eton.

MELBA

BY ROBIN H. LEGGE

“**D**AME NELLIE MELBA died at 4.40 p.m. to-day” (February 23) was the laconic telegram which appeared in the Press last Monday afternoon and announced to the world at large—her old sphere of influence—the passing of a woman whose name was as familiar to the non-musical as to the musical. Although five years have passed away since Melba last sang in Covent Garden Theatre—the scene of many a magnificent triumph in days gone by—and although these triumphs had occurred there in many a year before 1914, her name and her fame had lost little, if any, of their pristine splendour. Indeed, she has already become something, a good deal, perhaps, of a tradition. Countless of her admirers who will long uphold this tradition knew her not in the flesh: the gramophone record established their connexion with the truly great singer, and to them no less than to those others whose passion it was a generation ago to attend the Opera at Covent Garden on one of the once famous Melba Nights, the tradition will remain. One may be sure it will be long ere that tradition fades. The fact goes for something in this connexion that on Monday afternoon last, when the evening newspapers, whose hearts seem to leap for very joy on such occasions, had a first-class murder to write about, the posters merely issued the bare

announcement “Melba Dead.” The murder for once in a way took at least a temporary second place.

I have said that Melba was a great singer. Apart from the fact that she was also a great woman, she was never a great artist save in the remarkable use she made of her cold, passionless, yet lovely voice. Never once in a long period of time did she ever impress me, either in public (where I heard her on many, many occasions in the days when my duty as critic called upon me to hear her) or in private, that she was essentially musical. She had the power to make the poorest shop-ballad sound well by her skill as a singer, and the impression remains that her cup of happiness was as full on such an occasion as when she had triumphed as Mimi or Juliet—in both of which rôles she was superb as singer—in Covent Garden.

In the beginning of her career Melba's possible future success was in doubt, though, be it said, at La Monnaie, in Brussels, where she made her operatic début in 1887, she was acclaimed by the public, as also was the case when she appeared for the first time at Covent Garden in the following year as Lucia under Augustus Harris's direction. But the cognoscenti (as we used to say) were by no means so rapturous, at any rate for a time. Of course, it was clear even to the cognoscenti that the limpid purity of the voice and the consummate ease with which that voice was used were quite exceptional. But at first further than that they would not go, and it was only after undeniable triumphs in Paris, where she sang frequently with that immortal pair, Jean and Edouard de Reszké, that Melba, on her return to Covent Garden, entered into the kingdom of which she was to be the reigning sovereign for the remaining years of her career.

As to her repertoire, it remained somewhat limited to the end of that career. If I am not in error, Melba sang in some five and twenty operas. In only one of these did she completely fail—when she appeared in New York, on one occasion only, as Brünnhilde in ‘Siegfried.’ Indeed, it may be accounted to her for righteousness that she realized at once her unfitness for the heavier Wagnerian rôles, though as Elsa she found a part more in keeping with her capacity. But it was in Italian and French Opera that she was supreme, her Mimi in ‘La Bohème,’ which she had studied with Puccini, even as she had studied Juliet and Marguerite with Gounod, being probably the rôle in which she will be longest remembered.

A greater singer, an inferior actress and a woman of rare business capacity, she gave her help readily in good causes.

THE INTER HOUR

BY G. I. SCOTT MONCRIEFF

ANadder stretches, hisses at the eve,
Across the moors and at the red sun, huge,
That sinks to blood red nadir, West to cleave.
Now starts the night's nigrescent subterfuge.

Up from the fields between their flanking hedges
The rooks rise, grandly cawing, winging home,
Dimly through dusk and distance and blurred edges
Sweep the whaup shoreward to a bord of faom.

The hawthorns on the hill's breast cease their
snarlings
At the bare, stubborn earth, their shapes grow dim,
They blacken underneath a crowd of starlings
Lauding the eve in cacophantic hymn.

Across the sky the cloud-clad runners leap;
Pause, traveller, between the track and sleep.

TRIBUTE TO GENIUS

BY DAVID OCKHAM

"THE most famous Englishman in the world"—so has a newspaper just described Charlie Chaplin. Let not the superior reader, to whom the screen is still a poor relation of the stage, cavil at the epithet. For in Chaplin's case the word "famous," used daily by journalists as a label for anyone with whose name they are in the slightest degree familiar, is justified.

And much more is justified. Chaplin is a genius, perhaps the only genius whom the films have yet brought to light. That he combines the functions of director, producer and scenarist, and in his latest picture, 'City Lights,' is also his own composer, is nothing, even though it be unique. The Admirable Crichton is in general merely a master of mediocre versatility. That Chaplin should spend two or three years over a picture, take and re-take, scrap and re-scrap, without thought of time or cost, is something. But an infinite capacity for taking pains does not in itself spell genius.

I once called Chaplin "Everyman on the Screen." If you can imagine Strube's "Little Man" raised to the nth power, informed with spirituality and a pathos so allied with comedy that the laughter is never far away from the tears and the tears always close to laughter, that is Chaplin. He chooses unheroic rôles. He is the nonentity who is always being elbowed aside by superior strength, and who in turn triumphs by brain. Behind all his rôles is idealism. He is Don Quixote in the disguise of Sancho Panza.

Twenty years ago, he was an obscure member of an undistinguished troupe of music-hall artists. Ten years ago, his face, his absurd boots, his absurd hat, his absurd shuffling walk were familiar from Streatham to Shanghai, from Paris to Peking, from Vienna to Vermont, but mainly as the trade marks of a supreme *farceur*. To-day, they are known as the insignia of a supreme artist. Neither the man, nor his methods, nor his aims have changed. But the world, which is so easily hypnotized into taking the pretentious tragedian at his own value, has come to realize that here is a man who can fuse tragedy with comedy in a fashion only possible to the occasional supreme artist.

Alone among film stars, Chaplin has refused to make a talking picture. He realizes that sound has added a new quality and dimension to the screen, but holds that film acting is the art of pantomime, and that the spoken word is more likely to detract from than add to its quality. Dialogue in a screen play, he has said, is as unnecessary as lyrics in a Beethoven symphony, and he realized that the sound of a film actor's voice destroys the illusion of personality that has been built up by his appearance on the silent screen. Chaplin will not even broadcast. To him the creatures of the silent film are "shadowy figures of romance." And when one has had occasion to realize how the ethereal charm of an actress can be shattered by the sound of a raucous or metallic transatlantic voice that transforms a figure of romance into a Chicago shop girl, one must agree, even if there be no other reason for lamenting the brazen insurgence of the talkies.

Chaplin has been wise, despite every conceivable pressure and temptation, financial and otherwise, to refuse to pander to the world's lust for the Dreadful Music of the Human Voice. He goes his own way, creating illusion, allowing men and women of every nationality to interpret him in their own tongue and in their own idiom, and because he is a genius he can impose the sense of reality even on people who have become so debauched by sound that they cannot believe that a film actor is really having a drink unless they hear the hiss of a siphon and the tinkle of ice in a tumbler.

WHOM THE CAP FITS—V

I AM unable to commend you for any exceptional intelligence or learning. Still, you are aware that some men "are born great and others have greatness thrust upon them." You may chant a *Te Deum* for both. That thousands still rejoice in your good fortune is an additional cause for praise and evidence sufficient of the advantage of an historic name, position and genial manners. You are monarch of all you survey.

An hereditary instinct doubtless inclined you to the Army, and certainly if popularity is the full extent of military equipment, you had sufficient for the entire British Army with enough and to spare for the Staff. How many times you have been best man, godfather and mourner, in connexion with your regiment, I hesitate to relate lest I bring to your cheek a "luminous escape of thought" and so betray your modesty. But the Future summoned you to other duties; you were heir to large estates, and realizing that property has its duties as well as its rights, you wisely decided to live among your own people the better to interest yourself in their daily lives.

The propriety of your action was as commendable as it was propitious, for later on when you stood for Parliament, not a worm had heart to turn against you. But politics were not your bent; all parties were equally deceiving and as lack of conviction begets want of interest, your only concern was to stand by the majority—you were hardly a chip of the old block! But you were wise in your generation. Democracy only approves small men who shout with the crowd, and being one of many in the House of Commons you withdrew to the country the better to be heard in the babelous din. And you succeeded. True to instinct you applied the personal touch which, sincere as it was natural, resulted in the fullest appreciation. Indeed, like the classic hero, you seemed to "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm." Unfortunately, you had no clear idea of the course you ought to steer, but being equally ignorant as to where you ought to arrive, a decision was immaterial, Progress alone mattered; "let the Heavens fall."

Endowed with the wisdom and courage of your ancestors, Success was a birthright. And yet, without either one or the other, you have upheld a great name solely by strict attention to popularity. But I am forgetting your energy, always untiring in the interests of others. Was there ever a better showman? I am aware that Democracy makes strange bed-fellows, but never, I think, was so incongruous a lot of dreamers collected under one coverlet! Fortunately, there was no turning without your permission, so that harmony was well preserved. Still, if any fidgeting did occur, a more honourable position, which you were able to arrange, always quieted the restless.

To most, the endless round of public functions is a duty, private entertainments a drudge. But glorying in both you not only brought zest to the occasion but zeal to a cause. It was said of one of your forbears that his attachment to the Church was as sincere as his devotion to the betting-book. Of you it is no less true that a thirst for duty is only equalled by a hunger for golf. So rare a public spirit deserved recognition. And it was not stinted, for in addition to many honours you were in due course entrusted with high office. Few will deny that your usefulness at home was more successful than your efforts abroad. Nevertheless, though you did nothing in particular, you did it very well! True, European politics were beyond your ken, but at any rate you bore witness to your country's honesty of purpose, right spirit and absence of intrigue which foreign nations are as unwilling to admit as you were unable to forget.

Flattery is the hot-house of vanity, but as I am intolerant of both, you may believe me when I say that Nature has fashioned you from much of her best material. In this respect may I recall the old parable? The test, as to whether the "talent" was deserved was the use to which it had been applied. I do not suggest that you ever buried your gifts; that you have never employed them to the utmost, is my criticism. When you should have spoken you listened; in times of doubt you hesitated; instead of leading you followed. To make expediency a guide is dangerous; to adopt it as a policy is fatal.

In these times of national stress, with your rare influence and great position you could sound the tocsin and succeed where few would dare. Why hesitate? Greater men than you have admitted the error of their political ways. With courage, therefore, and determination, show "the metal of your pasture," raise the standard of your new faith; proclaim your convictions loud and in the open. By so doing you will not only benefit your country, but add lustre to an historic name.

ACHATES

WHISTLES AND CATERPILLARS

BY HELEN SIMPSON

THESE men! Recently it occurred to a scientific gentleman to try experiments upon his infant child. Those of us who own children know very well the schoolboy glee with which fathers will prod their offspring to the brink of danger, and hold back a horrified mother hastening to the rescue with the callous words, "No, wait! See what the kid'll do." Therefore it is not in the least surprising to find this scientific gentleman arming himself with a whistle and a pocketful of woolly green caterpillars, and sitting down in front of little Angele with a notebook to record her smiles or her tears.

Nor is it surprising to find that the results of this manoeuvre were profoundly interesting. Here is the situation. The child is invited to contemplate a woolly caterpillar. She does so with approval. She likes caterpillars. There is something about a caterpillar, looping aimlessly and covered with green fur, that is very endearing. The child enjoys the caterpillar's performance, and attempts, probably, to show her approval by trying to eat the creature, for this is a baby's Order of Merit; it will always try to eat what enchants it.

So far, good. The baby is engrossed. But now, suddenly, right in its little ear—prrr—the whistle! As a rule, she rather likes whistles, but this blast, for some reason, annoys her; she gives a yell. Another, louder blast. Another, far louder yell. Strange, thinks the scientific gentleman, hastily scribbling in his notebook as he hears the mother approaching; strange that a child, usually partial to noise, should roar at a whistle-blast when it is combined with a display of caterpillars! Why should it roar? And off he slinks to his study, with that air of conscious innocence which has never yet taken a woman in, to write a paper about the whole perplexing business, so that other scientific gentlemen, at a meeting of the British Association, may give the problem their attention and see what they can make of it.

Now, I have a high opinion of scientific gentlemen, whatever babies may think of them; but I respectfully suggest that tried on a grown-up this experiment would give the same results.

Let us imagine a man, after a wearisome day, deep in a thriller. It is a really good thriller. Just as he is beginning to get an inkling of who the personage in the green mask really is—prrr—the telephone bell,

just behind his head. It matters nothing that the caller is a scientific gentleman, gravely enquiring what made him jump, and why he swears. Jumped he has, and swear he does, as anyone but a scientific gentleman might have known that he would.

Or let us suppose that a woman is mixing her Christmas pudding. She is keeping an eye on the sultanas, the raisins, the nutmeg, the peel, the flour, the eggs, the bitter and sweet almonds, the brandy and the 2s. 6d. in small change which go to the mixture. At the moment when half the ingredients are in and half out—prrr—the front door bell! It matters nothing that it is rung by a bland and talkative gentleman who wishes to sell her the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' in thirty-two instalments. Her reaction is a scream, a loud irritated protest, as it was with the man, as it was with the child.

For this is how ordinary people behave. Disturb them at an occupation which has their whole attention, and as likely as not they emerge in a temper. Wives, secretaries, even purchasers of stamps in Government post offices have been aware of this reaction for years. It is nice to think that at last science has confirmed their merely intuitive knowledge. People do resent being asked to attend to two things at once. But it takes the scientific mind to work it out in terms of whistles and caterpillars.

"MAZIE"

BY DAPHNE DU MAURIER

MAZIE lay on her back, afraid to move. Why was it her heart beat so strange nowadays, never quiet, nor steady, but with a queer thump, thump, and little beats that ran in between, and had no right to be there? She was sure if she moved it would leap with a sudden jerk right out of her body, and a great black cloud would close upon her eyes. That's what had happened last month to poor Dolly.

Quite sudden it took her, after the 'flu, and she was dead before you could say "knife."

Mazie could remember going to see her when she was laid out. Beautiful she looked, with her pale face and dark hair against the pillow. Mazie had bought her a small bunch of flowers, and put them beside her. Not much, of course, but somehow it seemed heartless-like to leave Dolly without a word. You never knew when it was going to be your turn. Dolly had used those very words time and time again, and then before she knew where she was, poor thing, she was gone.

In the night, like the light of a candle. Queer.

Thump—there it was again, knocking about in her chest; almost as if her chest were a door, and there were somebody trying to get in. Yes, that was it, knocking and knocking, trying to get in. Well, it wasn't a scrap of use getting into a state and worrying herself. What had to be had to be. You couldn't stop what was coming to you, and yet, what would happen if she came over really bad one night when she was alone, when she had nobody? Would she be able to call for help, to make herself heard on the floor below or would she just go out in the dark—like Dolly? "Now if I start getting afraid," thought Mazie, "there's an end to it, and everything will be U.P. So just don't let's start thinking."

She sat up in bed and began to pull on her stockings. It wasn't any mortal use being tired like this in the mornings. She saw herself in the cracked mirror on the wall. Cripes! what a face! Like a bit of boiled mutton. If she went about like that, she wouldn't find a dustman to look at her, let alone anything else. If she weren't careful, she'd be hanging round, day after day, and returning

28 February 1931

home with an empty purse. As it was, she got so tired these days that she scarcely knew what she was up to and that's a fact.

Who and what she picked up last night she couldn't tell if she were asked. All she could remember was that he was quiet spoken and had a light moustache. There had been a bit of bother over the price, too, now she came to think, but she hadn't been done in—not she.

What a life! Ah, that was better. She dabbed the rouge on her cheeks, and smothered the whole with a great mask of powder. That was more like a face, that was. Carefully she laid the black on her eyes, and smeared her lips a wet, sticky crimson.

Oh, hell! she'd have to take in another inch of her costume. The skirt was hanging round her waist. A safety-pin would have to do for now. But there was no doubt she was getting thinner every day. Someone had cursed her as a bag of bones the other night—dirty swine.

Her fair hair was greasy, straightish. She must put some money aside and have another perm.

When she was dressed she drew aside the curtains and opened the window.

Why, it was warm, quite warm. The Spring. A child was playing in the street, without her coat. Funny, the way days suddenly changed like that. Yesterday now, cold and snappy, with a miserable spite of a wind that crept down your spine, and little drops of rain from the grey sky splashing your silk stockings.

But to-day, warm, jolly, somehow—and the sun was shining into the room opposite, lighting up a big square of carpet.

Mazie leant out of the window and sniffed the air. Right high up like that made you forget about the dust and smoke, the long day ahead, the longer night—there were only the roofs of houses here, and the blue sky, covered with little flaky clouds.

A sparrow hopped on to the sill, and nearly toppled over with surprise when he saw her. He gave a startled chirp, and fluttered his wings.

She couldn't help laughing, really.

"Cheeky beggar, you don't get nothing from me," and she searched the floor for a stray crumb.

* * *

Mazie walked along Shaftesbury Avenue, looking at the shops. Strewth! what a dream! Scarlet it was, with golden beads all down the middle, and a long piece of stuff touching the ground on the left side. A regular evening gown. Quite the latest, she'd be bound. There was a big spreading flower on the left shoulder, too, ever so handsome. No use going in and asking what it cost, that was the worst of these shops that didn't hang the price in the window. You went in, all swagger and show, and had to come out again, pretending you'd be back in the afternoon. The trouble was they got to know you after a bit, if you were always passing by. "You were in here the other day, weren't you?" they would say, as nasty as anything. Shop girls in black satin, trying to look superior—the sluts.

Look at that two-piece there, in stockinette. Brown scarf to match. Three and a half guineas. Now, that is value if you do like . . . Dressed in that, and her hair waved, she could collar someone big, some gent in evening dress after the theatre. Easy as pot. She might even get hold of somebody regular. Gawd! what a hope. To be able to take it peaceful, not turn out like this, day after day, wet or fine.

"Hullo, duck, how's life been treating you?" Mazie turned and saw at her elbow a pale, shabby girl, so thin that her hips seemed to stare from her clothes, and a small sunken face—large, empty hollows for her eyes.

"Why," she stammered, "why, it's never Norah?"

"Yeh!" said the girl, in a lost voice, in a voice that came from another world. "It's me all right, duck, and no mistake about it. Guess I look a bit of a rag, don't I?"

"What happened to you, Norah?"

"What happens to all of us, sooner or later, my pet. Lord! If I knew who the fellow was, I'd wring his bleeding neck. Here, have a peppermint? Sweetens the breath."

She held out a crumpled paper bag. Mazie stuffed a couple of bull's eyes in her cheek.

"You look pulled down, dear, and that I will say. A dirty shame, I call it. How did you manage then?"

"Oh, I went to a chap Mollie told me of. You know Mollie Turner? It happened to her last winter. She was as right as rain, she said, after a few days—but it takes people different. I tell you, Mazie, I feel awful bad—my legs seem to tremble under me, and I can't breathe proper. Supposing I'm done in for good, that's what I say to myself. Suppose I'm done in for good. What'll happen?" She pawed at Mazie's shoulder.

"Here, shut up, don't take on so," said Mazie.

"Who ever heard of such a thing? You take it quiet for a week if you can, and after that you'll be the same as ever. It ain't nothing. It happens every day to girls. You ought to be more careful."

"Careful? As if it's anything to do with being careful. I've always been careful enough, God knows. Mazie, I can't rest for a week. Where am I to get the money, how am I to live?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Mazie, beginning to shuffle away.

"Couldn't you see your way to helping me at all, duckie? This business took anythink I put by."

"Oh! Give over nagging, Norah. Maybe I can lend you something, but I'm in a hurry now. Stop blubbing, do. People'll start takin' notice of us. Here—take this—and come and see me to-morrow mornin'. You know my place." Mazie fumbled in her bag, and gave something to Norah. Then she turned and ran down the stairs of the subway beneath Piccadilly Circus.

"I hate people who whine," she grumbled to herself. Try as she could, she found it impossible to push Norah out of her thoughts.

She came out of the subway, she walked along the streets, in any direction. It didn't matter.

"What did she want to start frightening me for, anyway?" thought Mazie. "You don't get caught if you're careful—no, you don't."

Suddenly she glared at the passers-by. Half-unconsciously she pulled her cheap little fur closer to her throat. It seemed colder somehow. Hullo! What was going on here—for the love of Mike? What was all the crowd about? She dug her elbow into the back of a fat woman. "D'you want the street to yourself?"

Why—it was a wedding. A wedding at St. Martin's. Did you ever? What a lark! She pushed her way to the front of the crowd gathered at the bottom of the steps.

The wide doors were open, but there was a chap at the top there, who wouldn't let you through. She strained her ears to catch the sound of the organ. Yes, here it was, sounding quiet, soft—as if it were afraid to be heard. People were singing. It was getting louder now, and the voices rose with it. Mazie knew this hymn. She had sung it in school as a kid. Strewth! It took you back a bit. Why didn't that chap open the doors wide? She wanted to go right inside the church and sit in one of those pews at the back.

She'd snatch hold of a hymn book and sing louder than any of them. She pictured the church, dark and cool, and the pews filled with the guests—

the gents in black, and the women dressed like a dream, smart as paint.

She leant forward slightly, and through the crack of the door she saw the long aisle, and there were candles somewhere and flowers—masses of flowers. Seemed as if they filled the air, like scent—rich scent that cost a pound for a tiny bottle. Amen . . . Soft and low. It was beautiful, you know. Made you feel like crying—made you feel, well—queer.

Now there was silence for a moment. Somebody spoke in a high, funny voice. Must be the clergyman, giving a blessing, perhaps. Oh! why wasn't she allowed to stand there, quite quiet in a corner? Not so as anyone would notice, but just to hear, just to see.

"Here—who are you pushing—mind out, can't you?" She turned furiously to a man who was prodding her in the back. "Some people have no manners."

Now, listen—wait. The organ was striking up the 'Wedding March.' Oh! what a swing there was to it, and the great bells began to peal, breaking out on the air—and the big doors opened wide. "Here they come—here they come," shouted the crowd.

"Thank Gawd, the sun's shining for them," said Mazie in feverish excitement, to her neighbour. The bride and bridegroom came out upon the steps. They hesitated a second, shy, smiling, dazzled by the light, and then passed quickly down into the cars that waited below.

Just a sudden vision of white, and a veil pushed back from a laughing face—a boy with a white carnation in his buttonhole. Bridesmaids in silver, carrying yellow flowers. People shouted, people pressed together—a great cloud of confetti fell upon the bride. Mazie dashed to the edge of the pavement, her eyes shining, her face scarlet. "Hooray! Hooray!" she shouted, waving her hand.

* * *

There were patches of colour on the water, splintered crimson and gold, that danced and twisted beneath Westminster Bridge. The sun was setting and the orange sky flung golden patterns on to the windows of the Houses of Parliament.

There seemed to be a mist over things. A mist that was part of the pale smoke, curling from the tall chimneys of the factories, and part of the river itself, a white breath rising from the mud-banks beneath the swift-flowing tide. Mazie leant against the wall of the Embankment, gazing into the water. She dragged off her hat, and the wind blew her hair behind her ears.

Her feet ached in her tight black shoes, she was tired, dead beat. On the go all day, and doing nothing at that! Just moving about from place to place, you know how it is, when you meant in the morning to spend a quiet day. But what with one thing and another, the wedding, a bite of lunch, a bit of shopping, and then, before you knew where you were—evening again.

Oh! but it was nice here by the water, peaceful somehow. Look at that cloud of birds by the bridge there, fat little grey fellows, they didn't go hungry, at any rate.

What were they, pigeons? She was blown if she knew one bird from another.

My! And that boat there, that long barge affair in the middle of the river.

It was a picture, really. She'd like to be on it, sitting by the funny steering thing, and just floating off anywhere—past all the warehouses and the wharves, past the dirty smelly docks, to the sea—the sea. She gave a gasp at the thought. Yes, it was true. At the end, right at the end of this long, broad, twisting river, the sea waited. No mud there, no filth—no nasty old smoke. Just a whole lot of blue water going on for ever—and white waves splashing in your face. It

wouldn't matter a scrap where you went—you'd lean your head on the side of the barge, and dangle your hand in the water. No more trudging along pavements, no more blarsted waiting about—hanging about. Just rest, your heart beating softly, evenly, and sleep—sleep a long, long time.

"I say, you're not going to fall in, are you?" Mazie almost jumped out of her skin.

"Strewth, you didn't give me half a start, did you?" she said angrily, glaring at the young man who had spoken to her. And then because he smiled in such a kind friendly way, she couldn't help smiling back.

"I was looking at that silly old barge, you know, and there, I was thinking to myself how I'd like to be there, swinging along, as happy as you please—no more worries, no more nothink. Guess I'm soft in the head, eh?"

The young man lit a cigarette and leant against the wall beside her.

"I've felt like that, too," he told her, "it's strange, isn't it, how it comes over you suddenly, that longing to break right away, to clear out. I've been down by the docks after midnight, sometimes, when the night is black, and you can't see anything but the dark boiling water, and the lights of the ships at anchor. Then there'll come the long queer wail of a siren out of the darkness, and you'll see a red light move, and you'll hear the churning throb of a propeller—and the faint outline of a big ship passes you—right in the centre of the river—outward bound."

Something tightened in Mazie's throat.

"Go on," she whispered.

"That's right," he said. "She'll pass you by, in the middle of the river, and you'll fancy you hear the clanking of chains on a deck, and the hoarse cries of men. Right down the channel she goes, past Greenwich and Barking, past the flat green swamp, past Gravesend—into the sea. And you stand on the edge of the dock, just a little black smudge—left behind."

"That's what we are," repeated Mazie slowly, "a crowd of little black smudges—and nobody knows and nobody cares. A funny world, eh?"

"Yes—a queer world."

They were silent for a moment. Mazie watched the golden patches on the water.

"I wish—oh! I wish I was rich," she said. "D'you know what I'd do? I'd take a first-class ticket at a station, and I'd get into a train, a train that goes to a place as I've seen on posters."

"What's it called?"

"I don't know—but if I saw it written down I'd remember. There's sands there, golden sands, and a wide stretch of sea. There's little boats too, with brown sails—which you hire for a shilling an hour—and there's donkeys with ribbons in their ears—running up and down the sands. D'you know what I'd do if I went there—d'you know? I'd pull my shoes and stockings off, like a kid, and tuck up my skirt, and I'd stand in the water just as long as I liked—and splash with my feet."

He laughed at her.

"You don't want much, do you?" he said. "I bet that place you mean is Southend."

"That's it, you've got it." She nearly fell over in her excitement. "That's where I'm going when I'm rich. And I'm going to build a little farm, on a cliff, with cows and chickens, ever so homely."

She looked across the river and saw no more the factory chimneys but a small, very white cottage, and a neat garden, trimmed with stiff flowers. There'd be a hammock strung between two trees. Oh! Why did the picture make her feel so tired again, why did her head ache once more, and that old sleepless devil of a heart start thumping, thumping in her breast?

Mechanically she drew her puff from her bag, and covered her face with a white cloud. She smeared the lipstick on her mouth.

"Silly—how it is, when you gets thinking," she said aloud.

The light was gone now. The river passed beneath the bridge, brown and swollen. The barge had vanished. The sky was grey and overcast. And the man had forgotten the ship that passed out of the docks at midnight, outward bound.

He was somebody now who jingles the change in his pockets, who smiles a slow false smile.

He touched Mazie's shoulder.

"Look here, what about it? My place is only just round the corner. . . ."

* * *

It was evening. They sat in a corner of a restaurant in Soho. The room was thick with smoke, and the smell of rich food. The woman at the table opposite was drunk. Her red hair slopped over her eye and she kept screaming with laughter. The men filled her glass, digging each other in the ribs, and winking.

"Now then, sweetheart—just another little glass, just a drop—a tiny drop."

Mazie sat at the table by the window. Her companion was a fat Jew with a yellow face.

His plate was heaped with spaghetti and chopped onion. He was enjoying his meal—a stream of dribble ran from the corner of his mouth and settled on his beard. He looked up from his food, and smiled at Mazie, showing large gold teeth.

"Eat, little love, eat." He opened his mouth and laughed, smacking his fat wet lips.

There was a piano and a violin in the restaurant. The violin squeaked and quivered and the piano crashed and hammered. The sound rose above the voices of the people. They had to shout to one another.

Mazie forced some curry down her throat. No use thinking about being tired, no use listening to her beating heart.

"Aren't you going to order something to drink?" she screamed, above the wail of the violin.

A low droning voice sounded behind her. She looked out of the window.

An old woman stood there, a filthy dirty old hag with bleary eyes and loose slobbery lips. A wisp of grey hair fell over her wrinkled forehead. She held out her hand, and whimpered, "Give us a copper, dearie, just a copper. I ain't 'ad a bite all day, I'm starvin', dearie. Be kind—there's a love, be kind to a poor old woman who's got no one to look after her."

"Oh! go away, do," said Mazie.

"I don't ask for much, dearie, only a copper to get meself a bite of food. There's no one to give me anything now." The terrible voice whined on and on.

"I was young like you once, dearie, young and 'andsome. And gentlemen gave me dinners, too, and paid me well, they did. Not so very long ago neither, dearie. You'll know what it is one day, when you're old and ugly, you'll stand here then and beg for charity, same as me now. You wait, dearie, you wait."

"Go away," said Mazie. "Go away."

The woman crept along the street, wrapping her shawl round her, and cursing and muttering to herself. The fat Jew heaved himself up in his chair, and poured the wine into Mazie's glass.

"Drink, little love," he leered. But Mazie did not hear.

She was thinking of Norah in Shaftesbury Avenue, the wedding, and the smell of flowers—the smiling girl who stepped into the waiting car.

She saw the golden patches on the river as the sun set, and a barge that floated away to the open sea—a man's voice whispering in her ear, and the old woman whining.

Mazie seized her glass of wine and drank.

A shudder ran through her. The music wailed, the lights blazed, the Jew smiled.

"Here," shouted Mazie, "why don't they play something gay? Waiter! Tell them to play something lively, something gay. . . ."

THE FILMS

THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT

BY MARK FORREST

Abraham Lincoln. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The London Pavilion.

Storm Over Asia. Directed by V. I. Pudovkin. The Stratford Pavilion.

A *ABRAHAM LINCOLN*, which is being shown for a month at the London Pavilion, is the first talking picture to be directed by Mr. Griffith. Before the talking pictures came into existence, Mr. Griffith was regarded, until the appearance of Mr. Chaplin's 'Woman of Paris,' as the foremost American director, and his picture, 'The Birth of a Nation,' opened the eyes of his compatriots and those of the rest of the world to the heights of achievement to which the art of cinematography might attain. He followed this film with others, such as 'Intolerance' and 'Way Down East,' in which his direction of the camera was superb; about the handling of his stories, however, there has always been a tendency to weakness. His use of the sentimental values has been inclined to be mawkish, and his points have suffered from over-emphasis. With the change of medium, he still exhibits the same weaknesses. In 'Abraham Lincoln' the early love story is prolonged, and the abandonment of Lincoln to his grief on the death of Ann Rutledge is overdrawn; later in the picture, when Mr. Griffith is dealing with the civil war, the sentimental side is stressed to the detriment of all else, and, though Mary Lincoln was a housewife before everything, the point need not be laboured to the extent which it is. No foot of film can afford to be wasted, and I am afraid that a good many are.

Mr. Griffith has, in fact, been handicapped from the beginning by his endeavour to cram into his small compass as much as he could of the life of Abraham Lincoln; he wants to omit nothing of importance, and though he has succeeded in presenting a good deal, the result is necessarily episodic. Rhythm has been sacrificed and the whole effect is jerky; no sooner has one sequence started than another is begun, with the result that there is no grandeur. Personally I do not think that the life of Abraham Lincoln can be compressed in this way for the films, and the picture on this ground is foredoomed to failure. When all is said and done, nevertheless, the work of Mr. Griffith is always of great interest, and now that he has directed one talking picture, one is anxious to hear and see the next—a desire which only very few directors inspire.

The film is finely acted; Una Merkel, for whose acting in 'The Command Performance' (a picture which was shown at the Capitol last week) I did not care, plays the unfortunate Ann well, and Kay Hammond, as the President's wife, is excellent. Walter Huston's portrayal of the President is more than excellent, and his is the best piece of acting which I have seen on the screen for a long time. He holds the picture together and conveys the kindliness, the awkwardness and the strength of the man with sure touches. If Mr. Griffith had not fallen down under his subject, this interpretation would appear even better than it does.

The other interesting production of the week is the first public showing of 'Storm Over Asia.' The management of the Stratford Palladium, in spite of the Board of Film Censorship, are showing this fine picture because the West Ham Borough Council have licensed it for public exhibition. I am not concerned at the moment with the anomalous position of the censorship, but I advise all who like a good show to make their way to Stratford, E.15.

THE THEATRE ANGLO-CONTINENTAL

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD

My Sister and I. Shaftesbury Theatre.

"IT is only rarely that a really good play fails." That is the opinion of Mr. Leslie Bloom, as recorded in last Sunday's *Observer*. Mr. Bloom is President of the Gallery First Nighters, and his opinion may doubtless be regarded as representative of that small, but exceptionally enthusiastic, group of playgoers whose genuine love of the drama excuses to a very large extent their rather ridiculous conception of themselves as the most (if not the only) important, influential and discriminating section of our first-night audiences.

Of course, all that Mr. Bloom's opinion really means is that the sort of play which he and his fellow first-night galleryites regard as a "good" play is usually successful. And if that is the case, then one may reasonably infer that the taste of the first-night galleryite is more or less similar to that of the great majority of the ordinary theatre-going public. Or in other, sadly humiliating, words, the Gallery First Nighters are revealed, by this dictum of their own President, as quite ordinary mortals!

But is it true that only rarely does a "really good" play fail? Well, there is that seventh hole at a certain golf course quite near London, with its line of "unfair" bunkers, dead in the line of a beautifully straight tee-shot, and far enough away to trap what someone ventured to describe to Braid (I think it was) as a "very good drive." "Very nearly a very good drive" was the expert's firm, but gentle, correction; and he proceeded to carry those questionable bunkers with a shot that was quite, instead of merely very nearly, very good! And that is how I personally would qualify the critical opinion of Mr. Bloom. It is the "very nearly very good" play that is rarely a failure: the play that perfectly achieves a modest ambition, and conforms with the mental, moral and artistic tastes of the man-in-the-theatre (who is slightly more "advanced," intellectually and morally, than the man-in-the-jury-box, and slightly less so than the man-in-the-club).

Of course, in one very literal meaning of the phrase, the unqualifiedly very good play rarely fails; because unqualifiedly very good plays are (naturally!) very rarely written, and even more rarely produced in our commercial theatres. And it is this very scarcity that militates against their chances of success. The British theatre-going public is extremely conservative, and therefore puzzled and embarrassed by, and consequently hostile towards, the unfamiliar. What it thoroughly enjoys is the sort of play which Mr. Bloom was almost certainly thinking of when he spoke of a "really good" play—the play which has the merits of a slightly novel, entertaining plot; well-drawn, non-eccentric characters; fluent and dramatic dialogue; and sound, conventional construction. And perhaps I am being hypercritical in questioning the claim of such plays as have these admirable qualities to the epithet "really good." It may be that I have not yet recovered from my glimpse of the New York theatre, where something more than this rather dull conception of dramatic goodness is frequently attempted, and occasionally achieved, by many of its leading playwrights and producers; where, like the Athenians of old, the people seem to spend their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing.

For me, unless the dramatist has some new thing to say, or at least has conceived some new way of saying an old thing; unless his play has something novel, either in its intellectual attitude or in its artistic expres-

sion—though it may be a passable, or even a delightful entertainment, it falls short of being "really good." And the reason I quarrel with the Presidential dictum is because I believe that this very quality of novelty is in London detrimental to a play's success. Think how that harmless and essentially amoral epithet "shocking" has acquired an evil connotation: 'Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary' (edited by the Rev. Thomas Davidson) defines it as "horrifying, repulsive," and sternly refuses to conceive the possibility of a wholesome, chastening shock! How typical of British philosophy to be instinctively repelled and horrified by everything imperfectly consistent with inherited tradition!

And what is true of the average Englishman, in his rôle of moralist, is equally true of him in his rôle of playgoer. Offer him something unfamiliar (such a play as 'Topaze,' for example) and instead of his rejoicing at the chance of tasting an unusual dish, something utterly different from the staple diet of the ordinary English playhouse, his intellectual cowardice and apathy warn him against it.

I wonder if it was their knowledge of this ineradicable conservatism that persuaded the English adapters of 'My Sister and I' to write the second of its two acts in an utterly different key from the first. I can almost hear them crying out in unison: "Oh, to hell with this highbrow Continental stuff! Let's put some pep in it—something the audience'll understand and like!" And perhaps they even contemplated trying to "ginger up" Act One, but found the task impossible. For though Mr. Grossmith appears in it, his rôle is subordinate to those of Miss Alexa Enghestroem and Mr. Francis Lederer, neither of whom is the type of actor to indulge in typical English tomfoolery. And so, there being no one suitable for him to play the fool with in this first act, Mr. Grossmith gracefully adapts his personality to the sentimental atmosphere which pervades "the Princesse de St. Laverne's Library in her Château near Paris," leaving to the romantic Dorine and her shy, but handsome, young librarian the difficult task of filling the too large Shaftesbury Theatre with their delicate and rather uneventful love-story. However, once the Princess has persuaded Fleuriot that she has a twin sister working as assistant in a shoe shop at Nancy, things are easier for the adapters. For one thing, they can (and do) postpone for a long time the inevitable moment when Fleuriot meets and falls in love with this hypothetical twin sister; and this enables them to preface it with scenes of uproarious English farce for Messrs. Coyne and Grossmith and a lady, new to me, named Marie Dayne.

The fun in this second act is of the kind which is usually described as "fast and furious"; and the scene in which the immaculate Mr. Grossmith is fitted with a pair of grotesque yellow shoes is surely an inspired interpolation by the adapters. Moreover, the romantic lovers, when at last they meet, seem infected by the gayer atmosphere of Nancy. Apart from a slight difficulty in understanding their imperfect English, there had been little to complain of in their playing of the first act; their failure to arouse our interest had been due partly to the stage and theatre being much too big for their very delicate, and rather thin, romance, and partly to the fact that princesses and shy young men are prevented (the former by their dignity, the latter by their character) from being very entertaining company. With the princess pretending to be a humble shop-assistant and the young man freed from his inferiority complex, Miss Engstrom and Mr. Lederer were able to charm and amuse us to a degree for which the earlier scene had not prepared us. Add to all this some charming songs, pleasantly sung by the hero and heroine, and vigorously "put across" by the comedians, and the verdict on this hybrid "comedy with music" is a favourable one,



MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—XXII

A. In the near future convincing scientific proof is established of the survival of personality after death. It is found that memory and personal characteristics persist unchanged, and that conditions of existence after death are directly governed by actions during life—i.e., the bankrupt remains without credit until he has earned his discharge, the convict who dies in prison completes his sentence in the next world, etc.

The proof of immortality is so unassailable that the fact of human survival is soon as universally accepted as is the fact that the earth goes round the sun. The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of Eight Guineas, and a Second Prize of Five Guineas for the two best accounts in not more than 1,000 words of the effect of this proof on contemporary society. The account should be written retrospectively from an assumed date two years after the proof is announced.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in an envelope. Essays must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

The SATURDAY REVIEW can accept no responsibility for MSS. lost or destroyed in the post.

The closing date for this competition will be Monday, April 6, and it is hoped to announce the results early in May.

B. The Racing Correspondent of a leading morning paper is suddenly endowed with an authentic gift of prophecy and proceeds to tip infallibly the winner of every race run. After this has gone on for a month, the Government is roused to action by the resulting disorganization of the racing and the newspaper world. An official statement is issued calling attention to the progress of this disorganization and announcing a Government policy to deal with it. We offer a First Prize of a Guinea and a Half, and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea, for the best extracts from this statement, in not more than 250 words.

For this competition no coupon will be required. The closing date will be Monday, March 9, and the results will be announced in the issue of March 21.

RESULT OF COMPETITION IXA

JUDGE'S REPORT

The number of sermons submitted for this competition was eighty-one. As far as can be ascertained, thirty-four were from clerics, seventeen from women, thirty from laymen. In the last class, however, a few clerics and women, who did not declare themselves as such, may have been included. Little diversity of religious thought was revealed, the vast majority of entries suggesting an Evangelical tendency. Only two of the sermons hinted at Anglo-Catholic sympathies, while two more showed a strongly Modernist bias. A couple of Second Adventists and one British Israelite were noted. One Roman Catholic competed.

Fifty-eight texts were chosen from the New Testament, twenty-one from the Old, two from other sources. Fourteen texts were from St. Matthew's Gospel, thirteen from St. John's, ten from St. Luke's, and eight from the Psalms. Though only one out of the six sermons which I have counted worthy of highest commendation is from a cleric, the clerical average was higher than the lay average. It was rather distressing to note how often the commonest faults of pulpit oratory had been copied by persons who, I assume, are not habitual preachers. In general, competitors were too ready to take for granted the agreement of their congregations. Logical fallacies were frequently perpetrated with complete unconcern, and an almost painfully apologetic phraseology too frequently marked a very hardy dogmatism.

The prizes, I propose, should be awarded as follows:

1. Autolycus (Windsor), for an admirable pastoral sermon which, I think, would be even more appreciated by an auditor than by a reader. The writer is a Minister of the Congregational Church.

2. Bastazo. The writer almost forgot, at times, that he was composing a sermon, not a lecture. And that, perhaps, is why he held my attention more firmly than did many who sermonized consistently.

3. Spero. If this preacher does not satisfy thought, he does at least provoke it.

Other noteworthy entries were from Mrs. H. E. Lindsay, Humilitas, and Free Thinker. Mrs. Lindsay, perhaps, was too cold to be effective, while Humilitas in one passage seemed to mistake caution for a virtue. Free Thinker was disqualified for straying over the border into polemics.

[We regret that owing to pressure on space we are unable to print the winning entries.]

We must apologize for the fact that owing to the numerous entries for the one-act play competition and the difficulty of judging them, the result of Competition VIIIA has had to be postponed till next week.—Ed. S.R.]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

TOO YOUNG AT FIFTY?

SIR,—With reference to your article entitled 'Too Young at Fifty,' in the last issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, may I draw your attention to the economic fallacy which is the basis of the remedy which the author advances as a possible solution for the stagnation that exists in promotion to-day?

One must assume, for the purposes of this article, that the older men under consideration are the leaders in whatever walk of life they happen to be.

Now, one can say that all efficient firms employ no more than the minimum staff to do the work required—let us assume, therefore, that the highly efficient and progressive firm of Messrs. Smith & Co. (a public company) employ the following staff in their administrative offices: one general manager aged 60, two departmental managers aged 50, four departmental sub-managers aged 40, and so on.

The author would like to pay the general manager and his two immediate subordinates the same amount, or, possibly, pay the general manager a little less than them, this in spite of the fact that the general manager has now reached a position of responsibility where the accumulated experience (which is the sine qua non of successful men) is to be employed to the greatest advantage of Messrs. Smith. Messrs. Smith must count themselves lucky that the scheme the author of 'Too Young at Fifty' advocates is not in force, for, not only would they be paying two men a higher salary than they could afford or the recipients were worth, but they would soon lose the services of their general manager who, for all I know, may be the executive in a firm the intricacies of whose business take thirty or forty years to master thoroughly.

While admitting the ingenuity of the author's scheme I cannot but feel that, though it might serve to reduce the number of bald pates in the public

ballrooms of London, the country would be the poorer by the experiment.

I am, etc.,

REALIST

[Our suggestion was thrown out chiefly as a possible basis for discussion, and was therefore intentionally vague. It was based, however, on two assumptions:

1. By the age of sixty most men who have attained an executive position are at least tolerant of the idea that their hands may be relieved of some of the administrative detail of office or factory, and thus, while their responsibility is perhaps as great as before, the actual pressure of the day's work is less—they arrive later and leave earlier than ten years before. It would seem not unjust that this should be reflected in a reduction of their income.

2. By the age of sixty the family responsibilities of the average successful man are diminishing. Unless he marries unusually late in life, his children are now out of hand, and therefore his expenditure tends to fall. Again, it would seem not unjust that economy on one side of the balance sheet should be reflected by an economy on the other.

The point that another firm would pay more for his services is perhaps less valid in fact than it reads in print. Even in these days many men still run their own businesses; and in the case of monopolies and trusts there is no rival bidder. —Ed. S.R.]

THE NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE ACT

SIR,—Quaero, in your issue of February 21, writes: "In the interests both of the art of medicine and of the working population, the whole problem should, in the light of experience, be radically reconsidered. The aim should be, not to replace the panel system by a corps of salaried medical officials answerable to the bureaucrats who have entrenched themselves at Whitehall, but to separate the practice of the healing art from the entanglement of administrative duties which are not only alien but inimical to it."

The public are, perhaps, too much engrossed with the crisis brought about by the failure of the National Insurance Act of 1911, which introduced Unemployment Insurance, better known as the dole, to give very much attention to the other insurance scheme, dating from the same year, and of the same provenance, namely, the National Health Insurance Act. But the public, I submit, is deeply concerned in this matter. May I, in support of Quaero's contention, give a rapid review of its position as I see it?

In the twenty years which have elapsed since its inception, National Health Insurance has not been able to provide specialist and institutional services which were promised at its inception, and of which the Royal Commission of 1924-26, which reviewed the whole then existing situation, emphasized the importance and deplored the non-fulfilment. Largely, I believe, because of this failure to implement these services, the medical service under the Act has been largely restricted to following what a very competent authority, Sir Arthur Newsholme, a few months ago, described as "an obsolete ideal of medical art," by which he meant the mischievous exaggeration of the "bottle of medicine fetish which in too many cases seems to be all that the service means to the insured patient. Moreover, even the "bottle of medicine" is now required to be cheap and nasty by the operation of an agreement concluded, notwithstanding protests from the medical profession, between the Ministry of Health and dispensing chemists in 1927, when the dispensing chemists, tired of the conditions prior to that period, in which their quite legitimate charges for dispensing had been discounted, forced the Ministry into accepting the position that the cost of dispensing should be a first charge upon the Drug Fund, and

thereby automatically reduced the choice of medicines to less costly items. As an example of the result of these conditions I may quote a prescription which I am informed on good authority is a stock preparation very popular both with doctors and chemists, in a certain regional area: Liq. Fer. Perchlor. (cost $\frac{1}{4}$ d.), Aqua fontana (cost nil), dispensing fee cost 5d.

To check excessive prescribing has become more than ever necessary since their agreement.

In order to keep the whip hand of doctors' prescribing, the Ministry of Health conducts visitations which began in 1928 and which have steadily increased in number every year. The trouble and disquiet inflicted upon panel doctors by this system naturally results in their accepting the position by rigidly conforming to the standard of expenditure which may be the rule of their region, and in order to bring about this standardization the Ministry warmly recommends panel doctors to adopt a series of prescriptions embodied in a work called 'The National Formulary,' by following which the doctor may be assured that he will escape these inquisitions. As the Minister complacently observes (11th Annual Report for 1929, page 208), he has hopes "that in 1930 it will come into general operation." Perhaps we might paraphrase our Gilbert to describe an essentially Gilbertian position: the Minister, a layman, addresses the highly qualified medical practitioners who constituted the panel thus:

Stick close to our formulæ and never use your mind,
And rich reward and favour with your Minister you'll find.

So much for standardization at the lowest level of medical practice. Again, the doctor, in performance of his practice, is at the absolute mercy of the Minister, which means, of course, the department of which the Minister is the nominal head. As the Lord Chief Justice remarked: "The treatment of panel doctors under the National Health Insurance Act is pure despotism. Doctors are liable at the mere discretion of the official who acts for the Minister of Health to be ruined professionally by being struck off the panel, or as a lesser punishment, to be fined to an arbitrary degree." In your issue of February 22, 1930, you were good enough to allow me to comment upon a case in which that autocracy was very remarkably apparent. A charge of excessive prescribing was made against certain practitioners in the East End of London during the second quarter of 1928; the charge was considered immediately by a number of committees, but the Minister's verdict was not announced until September, 1930. Before coming to his decision the Minister is supposed to consult a committee of referees appointed by himself; these need not be doctors, and the Minister need pay no attention to their recommendations. In point of fact, in the case under comment, while the referees recommended a merely nominal and not a punitive fine, the Minister, after sitting upon the case for many months, during which the incriminated doctors were completely unaware of what was coming to them, exacted a fine of £100, and from his verdict there is no appeal. Is it surprising that the medical profession serving the panel should be restive?

The dissatisfaction of the patient with the conditions of the present panel service is, I think, one explanation of the fact, for which there is ample evidence, that in the last five years the number of out-patient attendances at London Voluntary Hospitals has increased by 21 per cent. The panel patient often himself prefers to go to a hospital and the conscientious panel doctor, conscious of the limitations imposed upon him by the circumstances of the Act, is very ready to send him there. Indeed, were it not for the existence of the Voluntary Hospitals and the opportunities which their out-patient department offer for really competent team-work diagnosis, I believe the panel system would have long since foundered. The Council of the British Medical Association, disturbed by this evidence of the

unpopularity with patients of the panel system which they are so concerned to support and defend, has brought forward some recommendations (Supplement to B.M.J., Feb. 21, 1931), to rectify the position in the interests, as they think, of the panel practitioner. The most important of these recommendations is:

"That no person, except in cases of emergency, should be accepted for treatment as an out-patient at a voluntary hospital unless he brings a recommendation from a private medical practitioner, a provident or other dispensary, a public clinic, or from a public assistant medical officer of a local authority."

I cannot see any Voluntary Hospitals accepting this condition, nor can I think that the public, who support the Voluntary Hospitals, would sanction such a restriction of their usefulness, or of the freedom of the patient to go where he wishes for treatment.

We are promised this week in Parliament a Bill to regulate the wages and hours of the nursing profession. Registered nurses and probationers undergoing authorized training are by its provisions not allowed to work for more than eight hours in twenty-four, "exceptions to these provisions being permitted only for the purpose of saving or attempting to save human life, when the period of employment may be extended to twelve hours, on condition that the remuneration for the hours in excess of eight shall be increased by 50 per cent." Here is another bureaucratic attempt to interfere with professional freedom. Because it is possible to arrange for shifts of eight hours a day in factories and other works, the eight-hour shift is to be introduced into the nursing profession, and I suppose the next step would be to force it upon the medical profession, in both of which it is plainly inapplicable.

How much longer will public opinion tolerate such ignorant and mischievous interference with professional independence as the instance I have cited?

I am, etc.,

House of Commons

E. GRAHAM LITTLE

TOLSTOY

SIR,—Mr. Aylmer Maude's differences with me appear to be temperamental, so the controversy might stretch to the crack of doom. He now says I should not make "statements for which there is no evidence." I have given chapter and verse to show that Tolstoy, before he donned his aged prophet's mantle, often in stalwart days, lived a dissolute life with women of the peasant and gipsy class. Mr. Aylmer Maude has not only tried to belittle each instance cited, but has shown the bent of his mind by saying that Tolstoy's confessions on this phase are "even sometimes exaggerated."

Doubtless in his old age Tolstoy was on his best behaviour with his European visitors, but what he said to Gorki and Tchekhov was this (Gorki loquitor):

Of women he talks readily and much, like a French novelist, but always with the coarseness of a Russian peasant. Formerly it used to affect me unpleasantly.

To-day in the Almond Park he asked Anton Tchekhov:

"You whored a great deal when you were young?"

Anton Pavlovitch, with a confused smile, and pulling at his little beard, muttered something inaudible, and Leo Nicolayevitch, looking at the sea, confessed:

"I was an indefatigable. . . ."

He said this penitently, using at the end of the sentence a salty peasant word.

We must all by this time feel sorry for the little thing "in pink" whom Tolstoy beckoned in at his back door one night, and first loved, and then hated. It now appears, if we are to credit Mr. Aylmer Maude, that this unfortunate girl first walked or drove down the old Moscow-Kiev highway, and then struck off in the dark for three further miles to Yasnaya, in order to be outside Tolstoy's back door at the psychological moment when he opened it. Or shall we place this in the category of "statements for which there is no evidence"?

Mr. Aylmer Maude rejects the testimony of Tolstoy's family on his masquerade as a peasant, and now appeals on this score to Mr. Nazarov's book which was under review. This author, he says, supports those who will have nothing to do with this "silly legend." Listen, then, to Mr. Nazarov:

Already in 1881 he had dismissed the cultured costume and adopted peasant clothes. . . . As his theory ripened, he goes further. Early in the morning he pumps water from the well and supplies the house with it. He heats stoves. He sweeps the floor of his room and takes out the rubbish. In summer he works in his own fields and in the fields of poor peasants. . . .

Tolstoy refuses to eat the "lord's" food; peasant dishes are cooked specially for him, and he absorbs them demonstratively with exaggerated appetite. He learns to drink tea in the peasant manner, sipping it from the saucer through a piece of sugar held in the mouth. He even tries to speak with a peasant accent. "How good" that the boots he made cost him "only two roubles, whereas at a store they would cost seven!" He is so carried away by this play-acting that he apparently forgets that the peasant food he eats is cooked for him with utmost care and is served on excellent porcelain plates, that the tea he sips is a very high-grade tea, and that he does not need the boots he makes at all.

I am, etc.,

A. P. NICHOLSON

SIR,—It is very good of Mr. Maude to see some reason in my protest against Tolstoy's denigration of Shakespeare. I do not, however, need his modified support. Years ago I read and admired 'War and Peace,' but frankly I do not see why the author of a great novel should be considered for that reason a competent critic of plays in a language which is not his birthright. The promotion of writers of admired fiction to the position of critics of everything else is a familiar nuisance in the Press of to-day.

Mr. Maude suggests that regarding the thesis of 'What is Art?' a reference to the "essay on a different theme," 'Tolstoy on Shakespeare,' is ineffective. This surprising me. The 'What is Art?' volume in the 'World's Classics' clearly includes and criticizes writers and dramatists as artists. I may add, as Mr. Maude is fond of references, that Shakespeare is mentioned on page 115, 196, 197, 225 ('Hamlet,' a tragedy "considered by our critics to represent the climax of supreme dramatic art") and 249. Of these references, only that to 'Hamlet' is indexed. Mr. Maude must think again.

I do not propose to write further. Since a small douche of English sense appears to produce an avalanche of retort, I must consider the patience of your readers.

I am, etc.,

PENNIALINUS

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED. S.R.]

'UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE'

SIR,—I have read with interest the articles on unemployment insurance. In my own case it appears to me that the Ministry of Health also gets money for nothing. I have been employing an oldish man of about 70 to work on my carriage drive and have been regularly paying 8d. a week unemployment insurance tax. He was recently unable to work and I suggested that he should apply for some benefit under the scheme, but he was told that unemployment benefit was not payable to persons who have attained the age of 65.

On my writing and supposing that no more eightpences would be required from me on such future employment, I was informed that "the fact that the employed person is not entitled to any benefits under the Unemployment Insurance Acts does not affect the liability of the employer for the payment of these contributions."

I am, etc.,

Chiddingfold

G. H. P.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE—XVII

"HIDDEN QUOTATION"

BY MOPO

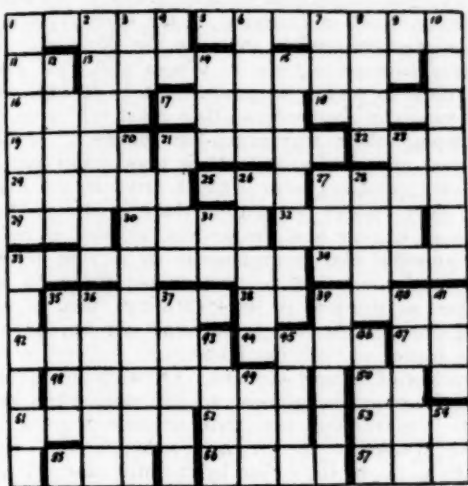
A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.

The following numbers form a quotation from a modern poet:

1a, 50, 28, 35a, 40a, 2, 27a, 41, 21a,
21d, 48, 18, 33a, 11, 41, 56 rev.,
53, 1d, 5, 41, 15, 39a, 41, 39d,
40, 41, 33d, 43, 50, 20.

The clues to some of these words are missing.



QUOTATION AND REFERENCE.

Across.

CLUES.

1. A short distance in a little street.
5. My bolt passes me from side to side.
13. "He draweth out the thread of his ——— finer than the staple of his argument."
16. 27d and 3 welded together with their eyes in the weld to make a handle.
17. Apteryx.
18. The old man advised the aspirant youth not to try me.
19. "Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn ——— of blood out of thy country's breast."
21. Tennyson thought dropping these a good similitude for a tree.
- 22 and 24, reversed, describe the state of a bald head.
25. Diverges half a right-angle from 22.
29. Spenser made this annoy backward.
30. Sounds suitable and Katharina said it was well.
32. You might make a composition of this old 35d.
33. The Titans were this.
- 34 rev. Brood that may equip an old-fashioned meal-time.
35. "Here's a maze trod indeed through ——— rights and meanders."
38. Black-cattle before 31.
39. See 35d.
42. This person makes a postage stamp adhesive.
44. I would run after a man for fruit smacking of turpentine.
47. Swallow 50 the wrong way round? I should be reluctant!
48. "To worship ——— and adore false shapes."
50. See 47.
51. A disorganized tendency results in embracing a little trumpeter in the end.
52. These tridactylous quadrupeds should not be early risers.

55. Iris spoke of the banks of Ceres as having brims this after 7 rev.
56. Reverse me and my bear is a badger and my mouse the dunlin.
57. Little French Bishop.

Down.

1. "In the midst of his laughter and glee,
He had ——— and suddenly vanished away."
2. Collins says that the Spring is wont to pour his showers and bathe my breathing tresses.
3. Spenserian river that runs uphill.
4. The object of 51's affection.
6. "———, ———, ———, ———! O, you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so that heaven's vault should crack."
7. See 55.
8. Obsolete festivity.
9. Alate after 40.
10. This fire-extinguisher has no shame in his outfit.
12. This path points to one who will diagnose your disease from your nervous conditions.
14. Form of a great queen after swallowing 22 reversed.
15. This followed the ominous words "It's a Boo—"
20. In the fifteenth century this sacred city of Turkestan was famous as a school of astronomy.
23. A form of pantheistic mystic.
26. Slander's this was said to be sharper than the sword's.
27. See 16.
31. See 38.
33. This treasury contains many gems of art.
35. The farmer 39a with his this "That aged man, who had worked for Grant some three years before the war."
36. Slang money.
37. This little rich guard is a favourite with the kiddies.
43. David's smiting of the Amalekites was thus designated.
45. A 33 stepping-stone to Olympus.
46. Confusion.
49. See 9, but I'm almost up to a drink!
54. You get the little drink here!

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XV

D	E	P	A	R	T	I	N	G	O	U	R
A	M	I	N	E	E	L	S	A	N	D	S
F	O	O	I	P	R	I	N	T	S	N	U
F	L	Y	L	E	A	V	E	S	C	A	N
O	L	S	E	T	T	E	E	W	E	R	C
D	E	T	R	I	O	S	O	F	T	E	R
I	S	E	S	T	S	U	B	L	I	M	E
L	C	R	U	I	I	R	E	A	M	I	A
S	E	A	M	O	S	S	H	M	E	N	T
E	N	S	A	N	G	U	I	N	E	D	T
L	C	P	C	A	L	L	N	E	M	O	H
M	E	S	H	L	E	A	D	M	A	K	E

QUOTATION.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."
Longfellow, 'A Psalm of Life'

NOTES.

Across.

1. II 'Henry IV,' I, 1.
11. Elmen, made of elm.
13. 'Alice Through the Looking Glass.'
21. 'As You Like It,' IV, 1.
24. Fool, and Jester's bauble.
27. i.e., Rg fitted to "T"
= Regiment.
29. Detriment.
31. i.e., "loof."
35. Stun and stand.
36. 'The Mikado,' Act II.
40. 'Richard II,' I, 1.
41. Aim turned the wrong way.
49. Lord Chancellor, in 'Iolanthe.'
50. See 'Lays of Ancient Rome.'
55. 'Merchant of Venice,' III, 2.
56. 'Merchant of Venice,' III, 2.
57. 'Richard II,' I, 1.

Down.

1. 'Winter's Tale,' IV, 4.
2. Anagram.
6. Anagram.
9. Soon.
12. Plutarch's 'Parallel Lives.'
17. Sea-pie = Oyster-catcher.
18. Een = even, or eyes.
19. Scene.
38. 'Winter's Tale,' V, 1.
43. 'Antony and Cleopatra,' V, 2.
46. Mangle almost ends with "glee."
- 48 and 53. "Thema."

RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XV

The winner is Miss Dorothea M. Jackson, 12 Waverley Road, Liverpool, S., who has selected for her prize, 'An Agatha Christie Omnibus.' (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

IN GENERAL

THE "penny box" of the secondhand bookseller has seldom rewarded my chary rummagings. But it did the other day, in the High Street of a country town, when from the usual ruck of decrepit school texts, German grammars, religious tracts and out-of-date guides to Harrogate, I extricated a volume edited by no less a figure than Lord Northcliffe (then Mr. Harmsworth), which should not be overlooked by any student of Edwardian social life. And as the humorous-critical examination of the Edwardian age is beginning to attract those connoisseurs who have at length discovered that the Victorian age was not really such a joke as was thought a few years ago, I should like to be the first to offer this text for their researches. My pennyworth was the volume on 'Motors and Motor-Driving' which was added to the 'Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes' in the happy, hopeful year 1902.

It was a time when self-respecting writers, like the contributors to this volume, made apologies for using the word "motor" as a verb; when the motorist's lofty view over the countryside was still apt to be broken by a recurrent frieze of rearing horses and the shaken fists of their drivers; when he was exposed to devastating currents of cold air in winter and fear-some dustclouds in summer; when magistrates were very harsh indeed; when Mr. Rolls's name was honoured without the complementary Mr. Royce; and when one bold prophet could even foretell the day when an almost horseless London would "save the fifty thousand pounds a year now spent in road scavenging." In fact, the days of pure pioneering were over; "three or four hundred types and varieties" of motor-car were in existence (according to Mr. Harmsworth's chapter on how to choose one); "motor stables" were presenting new problems to the architect; England was slowly awakening to the fact that automobility was about to be thrust upon her.

It is not within my competence to survey the more technical chapters of this comprehensive book, on tyres, on the steam-car, on 'The Caprices of the Petrol Engine'—though even to my unskilled eye it is clear that they possess a considerable antiquarian charm. That charm leaps to the eye, of course, in the illustrations. No one with a sense of "period" can look unmoved upon the photographs of Queen Alexandra perched in her electric brougham on the terrace at Sandringham, of the 5 h.p. Renault voiturette, of the Serpollet travelling-carriage, or the drawings that show one "how to take a corner" (hugging the right-hand hedge in order to get the help of the road's camber), or the consternation caused by a "side-slip" into a lamp-post at Hyde Park Corner (noting the glee on the face of the hansom driver).

And there is atmosphere, too—of a kind which I can commend to any budding novelist of the Edwardian scene whose memory does not take him quite far enough back—in the chapters on dress for motorists provided by Lady Jeune and the Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt. For dress, remember, was quite as ticklish a problem as ignition or petrol supplies. "When driving at twenty miles an hour," the Baron warned his readers, "the wind will actually pass through tweed overcoats and cloth garments; the air will be felt whistling round the ribs, and coats become distended behind like balloons." And he recommended, among other things, a suit lined with punctured chamois leather, with sleeves buttoning round the wrists and trousers capable of being bound tightly round the ankles, a light dust-coat for summer use, with a silk handkerchief to be tucked in over the collar as a protection against one's getting dust down the neck. Novelists are apt to forget details like that. Again, there was wet weather, when pools of water would collect on one's driving-seat; and for this the

Baron advised the help of "one of the principal waterproofers in the City of London," who had devised a kilt made of strong india-rubber material which is absolutely waterproof. This kilt is worn high round the waist, buttons down the side, and reaches below the knees. It is intended to be worn with gaiters and under a great-coat. If the driver's seat becomes a pool of water the wearer of this kilt remains in blissful ignorance of the fact.

Again, there were the ladies. And the problems presented by ladies were various and perplexing indeed. They did not like "arriving at tea-time with their fringes out of curl, or the feathers in their hats drooping or facing the wrong way." Yet these embarrassments could only be avoided by the use of a "glass frame" on the front of the motor-car; and this was highly dangerous in rain or mist—so much so that "careful drivers prefer to have their heads round the edge." Dress, in fact, was an even more distressing problem for the lady pioneer than for the gentleman: for whereas in the case of croquet, lawn tennis, skating, hunting, driving or bicycling, the dress worn by women could be (said one writer) "excessively becoming," yet in motoring, "try hard as they can, it is almost impossible to make the dress they have to wear a becoming one." Worse still, "if women are going to motor seriously—that is to say, use it as a means of locomotion—they must relinquish hope of keeping their soft peach-like bloom. . . . Those who fear any detriment to their good looks had best content themselves with a quiet drive in the Park."

Of more serious speculation there is plenty. But it is curious to note how the writers persisted in regarding motoring almost exclusively as a new form of sport, or as a useful adjunct to old forms of sport—either as a more or less thrilling mode of swift locomotion for the amply leisured classes, or as a handy means of reaching inaccessible coverts or butts or reaches of fishing streams. Occasionally someone had a fragmentary glimpse of the motor-car's possibilities in marketing, say, farm produce or game; but of the revolution in life and manners and morals actually wrought since then by the internal-combustion engine, there is no hint. But we need not smile. In thirty years' time, how will our present books on flying look when they are picked from the penny box?

QUINCUNX

SPRINGTIME IN A LONDON SICK-ROOM

BY EILEEN HEWITT

THE window yawns on plant-pots whose slow green
Shakes. Sun, wind, noises, pass—
All Life's communications—so, between
This woodwork and this glass.
The tide of shadows works about the bed;
On the near shelf are flowers,
Milk, muslined round, cool soaps, and books re-read,
The clock which carves the hours:
These things and I a quiet connexion keep—
While at the landing-door,
Like an inquisitive cur, the world breathes deep.
I hear the matted floor
Whipped with a broom, and almost think I see
In sun, head bent, sleeves up,
The hearty servant with her pink skirts free,
I touch my old tall cup
With lilac full of purple tears: O God!
This moment, out of town,
Stout bees are busy on the Kentish sod;
There's lilac, bending down;
The cuckoo's in the wood; the hammock's swung;
The picnic-cloth is clean;
And, near the English oaks with shades far-flung,
Whit figures streak the green.

NEW NOVELS

By H. C. HARWOOD

- A Richer Dust.* By Storm Jameson. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.
The Loving Spirit. By Daphne du Maurier. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
Above the Dark Circus. By Hugh Walpole. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
An Angel in the Room. By Gerard Hopkins. Mundanus. 3s.
Malice Aforethought. By Francis Iles. Mundanus. 3s.
Archy and mehitabel by don marquis benn. 8s. 6d.

NOW closes in beauty, dignity and irony the career of Mary Hansdyke. Those great ships that were her toys are lost or sold. Her children and grandchildren have gone their own ways, disappointing her, and most beloved of all, Sylvia, shut from her by a double force of pride, comes too late to give or to receive pardon. Something too of a ruder, prouder England fades away at "the quiet end of that long living queen." Mary was an eminent rather than a typical Victorian. Her spirit had too Brontëque a fire, and she was not popular till she had outlived her contemporaries, and become the G.O.W. of the North Riding, with Jews and Americans soliciting the honour of her acquaintance. A splendidly pitiful figure! Miss Storm Jameson almost persuades us that Mary existed.

The last part of Mary's story, 'A Richer Dust,' is markedly superior to 'The Voyage Home,' and even to 'The Lovely Ship.' The style is less boisterous, and its rhythm, gentle without languor, has implicit in it the regretful and tender acquiescence of such an old age as is here described, an acquiescence of the spirit, not of the flesh, for at desk or in board-room the venerable she wolf fought as ever fiercely on. The characterization is less stark. At subtlety Miss Jameson has never aimed, does not now, but the errant Jenny, who so basely presumes on Nicky's affection, is given a loophole of escape to self-excuse. She is less a hypocrite than half baked. And if Nicky resembles Richard and Hugh in a curious ineffectiveness that must be distinguished from weakness and therefore is never made quite clear, the war can be made an explanation of so much.

Judged, as on the whole she deserves to be, by the highest standard, Miss Jameson must again be held to have fallen short of complete artistic success. The details in 'A Richer Dust' are generally splendid, and much less often than in its predecessors cheap or irrelevant, but one misses the discipline that the finest imaginations impose upon their work. I do not mean merely that Miss Jameson has mislaid her blue pencil, for the epic writer is entitled a licence denied the sonneteer, but I question whether in the heat of improvisation she has not lost sight of her central purpose, of what should have been her main concern, to illuminate a strong ambition defeated by circumstance, time's jugglery and the insubordination of fellow souls. Yet, though this book be of less than classical grandeur, and its romantic fervour too often astray, it is noble in conception, wide in scope and delightful in colour.

'The Loving Spirit' traces over a hundred years the course, through a family of Cornish shipbuilders, of Janet Coombe's bold adventurousness, springing up now in one, now in another, of her posterity. This is a work of considerable promise. The high points are strongly dramatic, and the copious material is used with graceful economy. In a work of this character death scenes offer to an inexperienced author a tempta-

tion which Miss du Maurier has not resisted. Yes, there is too much death, too much of "'Tisn' the Bible, nor the preacher's words, nor my everlastin' prayers to God that'll save us, Thomas'" kind of dialect, too many short cuts to hackneyed pathos, too little that suggests the Coombes are men and women, not rabbits undergoing a Mendelian experiment. But 'The Loving Spirit' has the right stuff in it for which a better form may easily be found, by an author obviously possessing and enjoying a love of romantic fiction.

Mr. Hugh Walpole takes a holiday from more deliberate work by writing a thriller, 'Above the Dark Circus,' in which his mastery of the macabre is well exhibited. The crimes, two murders and a suicide; the shocks—at least two men go off their heads, and no one is for the time being quite sane; and the atmosphere of brazen gaiety in Piccadilly Circus one night while around and above fantastic passions are fatally released; all demand your attention. Through this strange medley of garish—one has to use that word, referring to Piccadilly—of garish contrasts Mr. Walpole moves with slightly too measured a step. He does not easily unbend, and a prelatial pomp interrupts what should have been a grisly carnival. But on the methods of Mr. Walpole I am not a sure critic, being under the illusion that some self-consciousness, not in itself deplorable, prevents him from the full display of his powers. Getting the body out of the flat, anyhow, was a marvellous business. I wish that Mr. Walpole could as easily have kept his higher aims out of his entertainment.

'An Angel in the Room' is distinguished by intelligence and feeling, two qualities not always yoked together. Within the narrow setting of a small dinner party in Chelsea, Mr. Hopkins has found it possible to tell us all we could possibly expect to know about five people and in an allusive, decorous manner to investigate their inter-relationships. There is no excitement, except when the host ejaculates a remark so impatient as to be almost rude, and retrospect, some of which is necessary, is reduced to the minimum, but nothing more is needed. Perhaps something less. Mr. Hopkins has just too elaborate, too delicate a style. But this is good stuff; and time will roughen Mr. Hopkins's neck.

Though Mr. Iles has written a story of crime rather than of detection, a Belloc Lowndes rather than a Conington, the reviewer owes him a certain reticence. Dr. Bickleigh by a most ingenious plot procured his wife's death. But, as moralists like De Quincey have pointed out, many a man starts with murder. . . The effect on Bickleigh was mental disintegration. After one clever crime, he, thinking himself a superman, relapsed into sheer folly. It is a long time since I have read anything so good as 'Malice Aforethought,' with its cynical humour, acute criminology, plausible detail and rapid movement. It makes you hug yourself with pleasure, unless you are one of those who think crime not quite nice.

A purist may object to my reviewing archy and mehitabel because having no capitals or anything of that it should be properly described as belles lettres or free verse and it is only verse of the most modern kind that has no punctuation but i am a free spirit and i want you to meet mehitabel she is a cat but has been cleopatra and as she says to archy i have had adventures but i have never been an adventuress one life up and the next life down archy but always a lady through it all and a good mixer too always the life of the party archy but never anything vulgar and though eight and sixpence is a lot to ask for so short a book mehitabel may be the dame you have been waiting for under the moon toujours gai kid toujours gai but just as i feel that i am succeeding in my life work along comes another batch of these damned kittens it is not archy that i am shy on mother love god knows i care for the sweet little things curse them.

REVIEWS

THE FRENCH NOVEL

French Novelists from the Revolution to Proust.
By Frederick C. Green. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THIS book is both a sequel and a history of literature. In other words, Professor Green has attempted a double difficulty. To repeat the success of his previous volume, a history of French novelists from the Renaissance to the Revolution, could not be easy. To write a history of literature that shall be both a good book in itself and also a useful work of reference is one of the most difficult of literary tasks. The amount of unavoidable information cramps a writer, since his pages must bristle with facts and references; and how shall one historian, in his critical capacity, be able to come freshly to each member of his literary phalanx and to arrive independently at a summary and a judgment as if, for the moment, the author with whom he is dealing had obliterated from his mind all the rest? The literary history is of necessity a hybrid, a cross between the work of reference and the personal essay. It is therefore rarely that we read literary histories for enjoyment, since they are bound to contain much more information than they can digest, unless, indeed, they beg the difficulty by being deliberately eclectic. Taine, for instance, had a theory to unfold, and his history, being eclectic, enabled him to expatiate on the authors of his choice, and to engulf them in his theory as flies may be engulfed in a block of solidified amber. Taine's massive volumes are really an intellectual and social history of England illustrated by essays upon the authors of his choice in accordance with his theory of scientific criticism. We can read his history for its own sake; we can refer to it for his opinion of the work and epoch of the writers named; but it is readable in proportion as it falls short of being a comprehensive quarry of references. There is another little book, far less appreciated than it ought to be, which (though eclectic, as its title shows, to some extent) is a masterly fusion of independent criticism and historical references—Mr. T. Earle Welby's 'A Popular History of English Poetry.' This is a gem of a book, and one day that fact will be everywhere discovered. To have been reminded of it, as I have been reminded by Mr. Green's new volume, is a delightful experience. To anyone with the faintest real interest in the French novel, Mr. Green will prove an enchanting guide.

Writing for Englishmen, and being himself a balanced historian, he was not tempted to overweight his pages with a multitude of obscure names. His history carries one away, and the best tribute to its double quality is that, only when we refer to it again, do we realize how widely has he thrown his net; so carefully have the references been digested. The secret of the book's quality is, I fancy, Mr. Green's interest in literary theories and ideas. For such an interest, the French novel, of course, offers more attraction than its English counterpart. We in England do not delight to know exactly whither we are moving; we write our novels mostly by instinct, though with some sense of the prevailing fashion; but our novelists, as a rule, are not conscious exponents of a theory, are rarely great experimenters with form. Some man of talent has a fresh way of looking at the world, writes a style very different from that of his predecessors, gradually forces his way to recognition and thus may accumulate disciples of his own. Yet he does not found a school. A Hardy or a Meredith remains a solitary. A Henry James or a Joseph Conrad becomes the idol of a decade; but the English novel does not possess

such well-defined groups of writers as make the history of the French novel naturally the subject of an essay with an orderly development, and with branches as distinct as those of a growing tree. Mr. Green has a fine subject, and his balanced mind and personal sensitiveness respond to it as to a natural food. Had he been writing a history of the English novel, he would have essayed a more disorderly subject, in which the references would have coalesced less happily. One day, let us hope, he will essay it. Meantime, his light shines on a landscape harmoniously disposed.

He begins with the effect of the French Revolution upon fiction and the gradual rise of the historical novel in France. The conflict between the individual and society prepares the way for the rise of Romanticism with the apostles of disillusion that accompanied it. There is an excellent chapter on Balzac, a subject on which no chapter can be final. From this we pass to the "decay of idealism" and Gautier's famous doctrine, to the growth of naturalism and realism, and then descend the epoch with the decline of the former, the rise of egoism, to end with the "synthetic novel," M. André Gide and finally Proust. On Stendhal and Gautier and Flaubert he is particularly good, and the lesser names—like Nodier, Münger, Adam—cluster round their centres like facets round the table of a gem. On the whole, as is proper in an historical essay, you carry away a sense of development rather than a series of particular perceptions on the historian's favourite authors. Without seeming unduly cold to many, Mr. Green appears sensitive to almost all, since all have their place in the story that it is his object to display. I do not see how his introduction could be bettered; the narrative does not lose itself in the examples, and for this reason I have not discussed particular pages or separate verdicts. Each reader will be moved to that as he looks up his own preferences, but the book will be returned to by him less for the sake of particular passages than for the clear clue that it gives to the French novel during the past hundred and twenty years. This story is not told in retrospect, but in terms of the ideas of the authors and the criticism that they excited, so that we seem rather to have been watching the growth of a literature than to be coldly exhuming its past.

OSBERT BURDETT

HUNTERS OF BIG GAME

From Shikar and Safari: A Big Game Anthology.
Selected by E. H. Baxter. A. and C. Black.
10s. 6d.

THIS volume comprises extracts from books on big game hunting, the idea probably being obtained from a similar work from which Mr. Baxter quotes freely—Greenwood's 'Wild Sports of the World,' which had a wide popularity in the early 'sixties of the last century. Greenwood, however, was more ambitious; his selected extracts were accompanied by natural history and other comments. There is nothing to show that either Greenwood, who was evidently an enthusiast, or the present author had any actual knowledge of big game hunting, and Mr. Baxter is perhaps wise not to thread his pearls on a string of narrative, but to leave the actors in these scenes to speak for themselves without interruption or embellishment.

The book is conveniently arranged in three parts, comprising Africa, Asia, and a miscellaneous section relating to other countries. Each part consists of chapters dealing with the principal game animals of the region concerned, and with some that cannot be described as "game," such as the hyena, jackal, and wild dog. At the end is a useful though not comprehensive bibliography; there are many notable omis-

sions; the list of writers on Africa is lengthy, though more might have been included, such as Pease and Abel Chapman; the Indian list is meagre; we look in vain for such names as The Old Forest Ranger, Shakespeare, Rice, Baldwin, Douglas Hamilton, Forsyth, Kinloch, Sanderson, Eardley, Wilmot, Dunbar Brander, and others, although a quotation from Sanderson's 'Thirteen Years Among the Wild Beasts of India' is culled from the Badminton Library, and an extract from Shakespeare is reproduced from Greenwood. In American sport the works of Wright and Holzworth on the grizzly bear might have been included.

Mr. Baxter has made a selection of exciting stories of encounters with dangerous game, and probably these will make a special appeal to the general public; but his readers should not gather from this that big-game hunting involves continual fights with wild beasts; the reality is more prosaic; hand-to-claw encounters are rare, and hunters are not often stamped under foot by elephants or tossed by buffaloes. Man is nearly always the aggressor. The sickening slaughter of elephants by a succession of African hunters accounts for the diminution of these noble animals; no one will again witness a scene described by Cotton Oswell, who "came upon at least 400 elephants standing drowsily in the shade of detached slumps of mimosa-trees. As far as the eye could reach in a fairly open country, there was nothing but elephants, not in serried masses but in small separate groups." Nor will human eye behold what Roualeyn Gordon Cumming saw eighty years ago—"I beheld the plains, and even the hill-sides which stretched away on every side of me, thickly covered, not with herds, but with one vast mass of springboks; as far as the eye could strain the landscape was alive with them, until they softened down into a red mass of living creatures." Fortunately there is a growing disinclination for slaughter; game is now protected, and there is an increasing substitution of the camera for the rifle.

Mr. Baxter has made a small error in natural history in treating the panther and leopard as two species instead of the same animal under different names. He might have omitted the old story, of more than doubtful authenticity but dear to our youth, which heads the tiger incidents and also appeared in Greenwood; it was first related in 'Sport in Many Lands,' by The Old Shekarry, and like other of that author's tales, is excellent fiction.

R. G. BURTON

LAND SICKNESS AND ITS CURE

Why the Land Dies. Criterion Miscellany, No. 27. By Sir William Beach Thomas. Faber and Faber. 1s.

ARABLE farming is in a parlous state to-day. Yet our urban population who hold the balance of power have until recently shown an apathy and an indifference to its fate that arouses the amazement of any foreign observer. But there are signs that they are beginning at last to sit up and take interest, and one cannot imagine any keener stimulus than a perusal of Sir William Beach Thomas's masterly pamphlet on 'Why the Land Dies.' Here in the short space of thirty-two pages is a brilliant diagnosis of the creeping paralysis that is overtaking farming, which must attract and fascinate the most "townee" of townsmen, so that like the guest with the ancient mariner, he cannot choose but hear.

Sir William takes a typical farm at Great Gidding in Huntingdonshire and shows its decline and fall, till the land to-day has only a minus value, and the village itself has dwindled from 800 to 200. He cites other cases in Berks and Wilts, where farms and villages are disappearing or have disappeared, and indicates it is the cornlands alone that are stricken to death. Yet these very cornlands, as Professor Somerville's experi-

ment at "Poverty Bottom" shows, can be recalled to life. But neither hard-up landlord nor impoverished tenant can do it. What is needed is either liming or drainage, though occasionally the cause is bad farming, either from lack of competence or capital. The State must step in and take over this underfarmed land and recondition it. Both centrally and locally it has acquired considerable experience. The Ministry of Agriculture owns small-holdings, contributes to Farm Institutes, and is a large land-owner. The County Councils, again, possess an Agricultural Committee, often with extensive small-holdings and a County Farm Institute, with certain rights over cultivation. The actual machinery would consist of three central commissioners with a County Agricultural Authority on the lines preached in the Liberal Land Committee's report on the 'Land and the Nation.' The existing landlords would either receive an annuity based on the existing rent or contract for the improvement of their land, the cost to be spread over a number of years. Tenants might be left in possession while improvements were carried on. This idea of "Selective Nationalization" is not really new. The most striking example is that of the Forestry Commission, who have embarked on a similar system of countryside regeneration. The scheme would not interfere with any of the multitudinous suggestions for helping the farmer. Sir William says nothing of the cost. 'Land and the Nation' in 1925 put it at two millions, but with the present slump in cereal and meat prices it would necessarily be far greater, and if local authorities are to farm at the cost of the Exchequer, will not the latter be faced with an unlimited liability that no Chancellor could submit to? Suffolk alone has some 50,000 acres that need liming. That would make a big hole in a million. Surely in the interest of economy the locality should contribute a small percentage. Otherwise one can only wish "God-speed" to a scheme that contains such fascinating potentialities.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON

Westminster Bank Leaflets

For the benefit of that large section of the public which finds itself bewildered by business language, the Westminster Bank issues from time to time simply worded explanations of various ways in which it is able and glad to be of use to its customers. Amongst its publications are the following: ¶ *Points before Travelling*, notes on the Protection of Travellers from Loss. ¶ *Thirty-nine Advantages of an Account with the Bank*. ¶ *The Saving Habit*, an outline of the Home Safe system. ¶ *Safeguards for Travellers*, a warning against carrying foreign notes. ¶ *Securities*, their Custody and Supervision. ¶ *Wills, Trusts, and Settlements*, the Bank as an Executor

*Copies may be had on asking at almost any branch,
or by addressing a postcard to the Secretary,
Westminster Bank Limited*

41 LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.2

FOUR TRAVEL BOOKS

A Journey to China. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Constable. 15s.

One Looks at Russia. By Henri Barbusse. Dent. 6s.

Maiden Voyage. By Doris Estcourt. Blackwood. 7s. 6d.

South of Suez. By W. J. Makin. Jarrolds. 18s.

A CHOICE of motif lies before the author of a book of travel: he may make the physical features of the country his principal appeal, he may find his greatest interest in varied types of humanity, in the statistics and social conditions of the people, or the travellers themselves provide the main theme. In this group of books Mr. Toynbee draws on all these sources with insight, knowledge and with a delicate wit: M. Barbusse falls singularly flat; the trouble is that he has looked at the official programme of the U.S.S.R. rather than at Russia. That achievement has failed to keep pace with aspiration is of small account to him; steeped in propaganda, his heart is inditing of a good matter and his pen is that of a ready writer. Of course, no sane person who reads newspapers can possibly accept the beautiful picture he paints as in any way resembling the original: he tells of exports of grain but has nothing to say of the consequent imports, and of the tarring of roads without the chaos on the railways: and, like all his political company, he can reconcile denunciations of "capitalist" militarism with a wide complaisance towards the enormous Soviet armaments. Professor Toynbee justly complains of the lack of humour which he considers to be the outstanding characteristic of the Communist regime; the shortcoming seems to extend to their protagonists.

Mr. Toynbee set out to attend the meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations at Kyoto, and he travelled overland as far as possible: he motored to Constantinople, went by train to Angora and Aleppo, then by the desert motor route to Baghdad, and then across India by rail, and sailed to Singapore. He returned from Japan by the Trans-Siberian Railway, mainly without the services of a restaurant car. The motor journey through Europe is a particularly delightful part of the book; he divides the route off with much insight into the zones of Slav, Magyar and Turkish influence or tradition; the trip was also exciting, as in the crossing of the Danube and the Shipka Pass—may we ask for Mrs. Toynbee's account of her drive home from Turkey with her two sons?

The historical parallels which Mr. Toynbee cites so aptly do not always appear as good portents. The fate of the Habsburg and Ottoman Empires was too clear before his eyes to allow him to indulge in a too light-hearted optimism about the future of India—or of Syria or Iraq. Despite the great hopes of a new and undivided India it was impossible to disguise an alternative made up of petty hostility, caste and sect: but it is comforting at least to read that to this dispassionate observer the present Indian Empire was an efficient "going concern." While these and similar observations in Iraq, Angora and China carry the weight they merit, the main attraction of the volume lies in its charm as a book of travel.

Letters must be really good to form a satisfactory medium of composition, otherwise they resemble too much the conversations of musical comedy stars, who bare the inmost secrets of their hearts to chance passers-by. Miss Estcourt cannot exactly be charged with this, but we trust she has a different style of correspondence for her friends. The adventurous journey she undertook with small tangible assets leaves us rather startled: she travelled from San Francisco to Japan, there she obtained employment which enabled her to set off again for China, and on the proceeds of further

work she made extraordinary expeditions with some companions from Peking to the Great Wall.

Mr. Makin's book consists of excerpts from the more criminal parts of the night life of the larger African towns, journeys with the Prince of Wales, recollections of mining activities, and too many photographs of dark-skinned females.

J. S. COLTART

THE GENTLE ART

Testament of a Critic. By George Jean Nathan. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

Their Hour Upon the Stage. By James Agate. Mandarin Press. 6s.

AN encounter with Mr. Nathan is always an exciting business, for not even the great Mencken himself hits out with more gusto or trails a coat more enticingly. But what is one to do with a book like this? It is a small book of under three hundred pages of fair type, yet in it are raised questions, the answers to which would fill the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and then need an appendix. It discusses the whole art of criticism, and surveys the contemporary stage and those who write for and about it, with cheerful asides on its and their well-doing and shortcomings. Furthermore, Mr. Nathan tells us all about himself, his mental states and personal habits, the stability of his banking account and the excellence of his digestion; and if you think this is irrelevant to the real matter in hand, which is criticism literary and dramatic, then you know little of criticism. Here you have Mr. Nathan, on his own showing, a happy hedonist, sound of wind and limb, with a healthy mind in a healthy body, a love for good drama and good literature, a liking for agreeable trifles, a hatred of all shoddy and shams, and a heart just a little harder than one could wish.

'BLACKWOOD'

MARCH.

Lonely Camp. An Irish Incident. By H. A. Manhood.

T.N.T. By Allan Baddeley.

A Staff of Reed. By H. M. Anderson.

An Eighteenth Century Lady and her Family. By Lady Alice Fergusson.

The Lights Ye Steer By. By Frederick Sleath.

Kuh-I-Taftan By Hugh Rice.

Napoleon and Pius VII.—An Unrecorded Chapter. By Helen White.

St. John's. By A. L. Maycock.

Some Book-Hunting Adventures.—X. By R. S. Garnett.

Subscribers both at Home and Abroad can have 'Blackwood's Magazine' sent by post monthly for 30s. yearly, or 15s. for six months.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS LTD.,
45 George Street, Edinburgh. 37 Paternoster Row, London.

Of Mr. Nathan's excellence as a critic there can be no two opinions, but there are times when his practice and theory of his art are a little harsh. Here certainly, and in America probably, there is often something even in a catastrophic box-office failure that justifies the little word of encouragement that means so much to the defeated playwright. The real and irreparable failures, judged by the highest standards, are often successes, and there have been utterly negligible dramatists who have achieved success by means of a meretricious and glittering technique which has dazzled even those who should have seen through it. When it comes to plays that do not fail, Mr. Nathan sees this very clearly, so clearly that at times he is a little ungrateful to the quite meritoriously successful.

We have recently seen in London two of America's successes: 'Street Scene' and 'Strange Interlude.' Mr. Nathan, though without rancour, dismisses Mr. Elmer Rice as negligible compared with Mr. Eugene O'Neill. Yet for all the greatness of 'Strange Interlude,' 'Street Scene' is the better play. Mr. Rice has done what he set out to do, and what he set out to do was well worth doing. Mr. O'Neill, no doubt, set out to do a bigger thing, and his achievement is great, but it is not entire. Something happens to Nina's "character" towards the end that is not explained. Now Mr. Nathan in the course of his testament makes a curious statement which touches this very point. "A leading critical cliché," he writes, "has to do with sudden changes in dramatic character. Such changes, the critics insist, invalidate the outline of the character in point, indicate a defect in the playwright, and contrive to make the character dubious and unbelievable." Mr. Nathan's argument is that character does change. But does it? A bad man may become a good man; a good man may go to the devil; a lady hitherto circumspect may throw her bonnet over the windmill; all kinds of things may happen to thought and outlook and conduct under the stress of circumstance; but character, that deep-seated individuality we inherit from our ancestors, though its expression may vary infinitely with the environment, does not change; and when it is seen or felt to change in a work of art the artist is at fault.

Mr. James Agate in style and thought and prejudice is perhaps nearest to Mr. Nathan of all our critics, and he, too, on occasion can be extraordinarily provocative. His present book has not the range of his studies of the Contemporary Theatre which for some years appeared annually, but it contains enough of his thought and method for those who are not acquainted with them, and they must be few indeed, to taste his quality. In the main he has chosen to show himself in comparatively mellow mood, but there are one or two criticisms as militant as anyone could desire. Mr. Agate, like Mr. Nathan, will break a butterfly on a wheel or smash a beetle with a sledge hammer; but he is at his best when he is out for big game. His attack, for instance, on those who believe and assert that Ibsen was a representationist, is a brilliant and salutary bit of criticism. By a curious coincidence Mr. Agate, like Mr. Nathan, has fallen foul of Mr. Elmer Rice, the play being 'The Adding Machine.' He accuses Mr. Rice of implying that the working-man is uniformly miserable. But surely Mr. Zero represents not the working-man generally, but a particular type of ill-paid black-coated labourer trammelled economically by the fierce competition for his job and socially by the trivial respectabilities of a particularly narrow suburbanism. In the same play Mr. Rice introduces a young working-man of robust type keeping an assignation with a lady of the town in a cemetery. However, Mr. Nathan and Mr. Agate, even when they nod, are better company than the austerer sort who never really let themselves go; they both love the theatre, and if they chasten it, it is for its and our good.

FRANK A. CLEMENT

HUTTERWORTH
BOOKS**Omnibus Edition**

THE WORLD CRISIS

1911-1918

**WINSTON S.
CHURCHILL***4 Volumes in 1*New Chapter on the Battle
of the Marne

Maps and Plans 832 pages 21s. net

CAN WAR BE AVERTED?

SIR LEO**CHIOZZA MONEY**

Here a member of the War Government deals with the grave issue of PEACE OR WAR. These pages show what each nation hopes and fears and point the way to Peace.

Maps 10s. 6d. net

A FUGITIVE IN SOUTH-
WEST AFRICA 1908-1920**WILHELM MATTENKLODT**

The thrilling adventures of a German farmer who spent years playing hare to the British hounds through Angola and Bechuanaland.

12s. 6d. net

PAULINE*Favourite Sister of Napoleon***W. N. C. CARLTON**

An extremely racy life of the gay wanton who was the *enfant terrible* of Europe and yet stayed by Napoleon to the end.

Illustrated 15s. net

*FICTION. 7s. 6d. net***EL CAÏD****CLARE SHERIDAN***Author of 'Nuda Veritas,' etc.*

A brilliant and arresting story of the real Africa, which few know like Clare Sheridan!

—ROSITA FORBES



A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

English Literary Periodicals. By Walter Graham. Nelson. \$7.50.

AS others con cuneiform tablets or the hieroglyphs upon a stele, so has Mr. Graham, of the University of Illinois, conned what he calls our belletristic periodicals. Whatever information he has acquired, he has dutifully transmitted to the world. He tells us that *Sharpe's London Magazine* was a 128-page monthly, that *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* was a work of William and Robert Chambers, publishers, of Edinburgh, that W. L. Courtney, in control of the *Fortnightly*, "maintained the high standard of this remarkable publication." Yet while his book teems with dates, names, titles, and observations on the obvious, the errors and omissions are conspicuous. No mention is made of such significant reviews as were the *New Age*, the *New Witness*, the *Outlook* and the *Speaker*. To the *Nation*, a single line has been accorded, which confuses Massingham the editor with Massingham the essayist.

Mr. Graham's prime mistake, of course, has been to think of the English literary periodicals as dead matter to be approached with fumbling erudition. Several of them, as it happens, are to-day alive and vigorously kicking. Others, which no longer circulate, have amazing posthumous vitality. Thus an old file of the *Academy* is almost as animating as when its numbers were hot from the press during the Douglas-Crosland consulship. To spend an evening with such a volume is to renew the joy of half a dozen battles and innumerable brawls. If sundry details of the weekly libel action are less exciting than of old, there is a real thrill on reading that the *English Review* has just been bought by "a Mr. Alfred Mond" and that its poetry, mostly written by the present laureate, is "entirely dependent on the cabman's adjective." Mr. Graham, however, thinks it enough to say that the *Academy* of those days was "an important critical journal of thirty-two pages." Of our noble selves he is good enough to remark that we are "one of the important periodicals of the century."

Barren and dismal as this book is, I trust it may provoke someone to attempt another on the same subject. More than half the material for the survey I have in mind is easily accessible. If, to satisfy the people who dote on Bradshaw and the Army List, particulars of pagination and catalogues of the more forgettable editors and contributors were included, these should be put in an appendix. The body of the book might be a series of biographical studies of those quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies which have made a mark on letters. For this, indeed, intimacy and understanding would be essential. Every review worth attention has its individuality, and, in more than one case, psychological complications are to be considered. Clearly, for example, the *Speaker*, like the Liberal Party for which it stood, suffered from a split personality when G. K. C. and Charles Masterman were, in adjacent columns, "upholding with no little heat their various opinions." That the political as well as the literary character of the different organs should be examined is certain, for in times nearer than those of North and Gifford the two have often been confounded. Without the Marconi clue, would not the *New Witness* be all Greek and Sanskrit, if not Hebrew? The reviews have always had an authority immeasurably greater than their sales. If Jacob Tonson, of the *New Age*, directed fewer customers to the libraries than does the Arnold Bennett of to-day, I will dare swear he had more influence on minds and tastes.

D. WILLOUGHBY

SHORTER NOTICES

Ex-Jesuit. By Dr. E. Boyd Barrett. Bles. 10s. 6d.

DR. BARRETT has given us an interesting story of his early religious training and of his attempts to combine the open mind essential to the philosopher and the scientist with the mind obeisant to authority—often wielded by stupid and vindictive persons—which the Rules of such an Order as that of Jesus demands. That Dr. Barrett rebelled was inevitable, as many of his superiors in the Order seem to have foreseen; but that he should complain of the treatment accorded him is curious. That it is possible to lead a happy and useful life of social service, while in complete mental subjection to arbitrary authority, no one has ever denied. But authority that may be questioned is not authority as the Catholic Orders conceive it; and there is nothing for the rebel to do but quit with as good a grace as possible. That a seceder from any corporate body that inspires religious or patriotic enthusiasm in its votaries will not be persona grata with them is obvious; and that Dr. Barrett has suffered petty persecution from Catholic employers when his position has become known need not surprise us, nor should it surprise him. We all, however, want to eat our cake and have it; and even philosophers and scientists, when they are asked to pay for what they have taken, are often quite naturally, though quite unreasonably, surprised by the size of the bill.

The Management of Young Children. By William E. Blatz and Helen Bott. Dent. 10s. 6d.

WHY is it that of all known civilizations our own is the only one that needs expert advice in the management of children? Why is it that in Europe and America

Meeting today's
conditions



with the
courtesy of yesterday

OUTSIDE the bank a car draws up today where formerly a horse was held. A traveller takes his Letter of Credit on a liner through Suez instead of his bag of gold on a windjammer round the Cape. Lloyds Bank adopts mechanical accounting systems and its operations increase throughout the world.

Much that was pleasant in less crowded days has gone, yet in Lloyds Bank something outlives every change—a tradition of personal service inherited from the days of private banking. Even in the newest of its many branches you will find that this tradition is honourably maintained. The many and varied services offered by the Bank range from the opening of a child's savings account to the administration of an estate.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED, LONDON. E.C.3

parents and pedagogues have had, as a rule, such a complete and catastrophic ignorance of the nature of a child? Is not the answer to these questions to be discovered in the peculiar structure of our society, with its ingrained respect for a puritanism that distrusts any form of happiness that is not conducive to saving either one's soul or one's money? That things are steadily improving in the more cultured centres has long been obvious. The domesticated Moloch that was the presiding deity of so many Victorian nurseries has been banished from many homes. Nevertheless, in uncultured wilds children are still being put through the fire daily, and even when parents are alive to the fact that something is seriously wrong, they do not know where to turn for guidance; for the light of nature has been smothered in them by centuries of hypocrisy. Hence, of course, the multitude of books that pour from the Press in which everlasting truths, known in every Zulu hut and in every Japanese garden, come garbed in the terms of the exacter science as discoveries now made for the first time. Take the present book: Whenever authors are patently right in their diagnosis or their treatment—say nine times out of ten—will not all reasonable persons say, "Why, of course, whoever thought otherwise?" or at most, "True, we ought to have seen that ourselves," and if the authors imagine that this is a reflection on them, or a denial of the work they are doing, let them remember that reasonable persons do not constitute more than one per cent. of the population. There are, of course, in the book semi-medical diagnoses that must always be the prerogative of specialists, but to these, naturally, the foregoing remarks do not apply.

Bring 'Em Back Alive. By Frank Buck and Edward Anthony. Gollancz. 16s.

MR. BUCK'S business is supplying wild animals to zoos and menageries. He accepts an order for crocodiles as unemotionally as your grocer books your order for half a dozen pounds of sugar and two tins of pineapple. Monkeys, to him, one gathers, are almost the small change of commerce. "I've brought back to America over five thousand monkeys. That's a lot of monkeys," he remarks at the beginning of one chapter, describing some of his deals in what he himself calls "the monkey industry."

Man-eating tigers, tapirs, elephants and pythons, of course, are more in the nature of special orders, which may take a little time, and involve some risk to fill. But Mr. Buck, one gathers, always delivers the goods. A little list, in his preface, of live stock supplied includes thirty-nine elephants, sixty tigers, fifty-eight leopards of different varieties, forty bears, ninety pythons over twenty feet, and two rhinoceroses. And as the author of this book is himself hunter as well as collector, and not merely a universal provider of wild beasts, his stories of the way some of his orders have been filled will make exciting reading for those who can go to zoos and menageries and offer buns to elephants without feeling a little ashamed. Even those who resent the exhibition of "tamed and shabby tigers" must admit the courage and enterprise of the man who, in filling the zoos' requirements, must know "such hard-boiled details of the collecting business as the best way to get a snarling tiger out of a pit into a cage without getting messed up in the process."

Vulgarity in Literature. By Aldous Huxley.

The New Providence. By R. H. Mottram.

Alceste. Translated by Richard Aldington.

The Dolphin Books. Chatto and Windus. 2s. each.

THESE Dolphin booklets, the first of a series which promises to be interesting, are pleasantly printed and bound in stout paper boards carrying an appropriate design which, if a little startling at first sight, improves upon acquaintance. Not dear at the price, they are



THE SHADOW OF THE KNIFE

403,141 EXPERIMENTS on Living Animals were performed during 1929

We Appeal to all Animal Lovers to help us in our fight for these poor creatures. Donations in aid of our work will be gratefully received by the Secretary of the Society.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL

Anti-Vivisection Society

(The oldest-established Society for the Abolition of Vivisection)

Offices: 76 VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1

The Sea Calling!

Yachtsmen are already fitting out for the coming season.

The March Fitting Out Number of

The YACHTING MONTHLY
and
MARINE MOTOR MAGAZINE

is just out and contains valuable hints for yacht and motor-boat owners on Fitting Out, Cooking and Overhaul of Boats, as well as some of the finest cruising yarns ever published.

At all bookstalls, or from

9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2

2s. a copy

25s. per annum

worthy of a permanent place upon one's shelves. Mr. Huxley does not seek to be profound—he is avowedly digressive—but his sketch of the subject is illuminating as well as entertaining. Outspokenness is not vulgar—Mr. Huxley is always outspoken. The baroque may be vulgar but it is excusable—Mr. Huxley has a fondness for the baroque. The inexcusable vulgarity is the expression of feeling which is not only false but pretentious. The demonstrations of the guilt in this matter of both Poe and Balzac are among the best things in an admirable essay. Mr. Mottram's contribution is a short story which is by way of being appendix or footnote to his novel, 'Our Mr. Dormer.' In this Victorian tale of love and rivalry behind the bank counter and below stairs, comedy and beauty struggle continuously for first place from the lovely opening picture of a Royal Review to the triumphant domestic ending. The 'Alcestis' of Euripides is translated into prose and verse with Mr. Aldington's accustomed skill; it is a version starker and less musical—but for that reason the more moving to many readers—than the familiar one of Professor Gilbert Murray. Each of these books also appears in a large paper, limited and signed edition at a higher price.

T. S. Eliot: A Study. By Thomas McGreevy. The Dolphin Books. Chatto and Windus. 2s.

MR. MCGREEVY has made a praiseworthy attempt to elucidate the poetry of Mr. Eliot. He goes more into detail than any critic whom we recall; he is generous in quotation, and he covers virtually all the verse from 'Mr. Prufrock' to 'Ash Wednesday.' In other words, the admiring or the recalcitrant reader anxious for help in the study of a difficult writer will find here the very book for him. There are, however, two qualifications: one peculiar to this essay, the other inherent in the subject itself. Mr. McGreevy abounds in parenthesis, for he cannot resist the temptation to intrude his opinion on any subject that comes up whether or no it bears any reference to the theme of his essay. This is a pity, for the reader is constantly distracted by these asides, and the author runs an unnecessary risk of inviting disagreement. In regard to Mr. Eliot's writings, the symbolism, particularly of 'The Waste Land,' is extensively dealt with. The reader is made to understand the purport and the ellipses better than before, but (unless he has been converted to the poetry already) he will find some aid, but less than he needs, in recognizing the beauty of the verse as verse. So much has to be said in explanation of the matter that the poetry to which it has given rise is rather assumed than revealed. A somewhat similar assumption used to be made over Blake's prophetic books. Before Mr. Saurat explained the sources of their symbolism, admiring critics used to assume that the obscurity was part of their poetry. Now that we are more at home with it, we are less inclined to surrender to this claim. Meantime, however, the elucidation of 'The Waste Land' is still required, and only when we are much more at home with it shall we be able to decide how much of the poem will come to be loved for its own sake. As a step toward this, Mr. McGreevy's essay is well worth reading.

The Hundred and the Hundred Rolls. By Helen M. Cam. Methuen. 15s.

UP to the middle of last century the unit of English local government was the hundred. Every county was divided into hundreds, which were units for taxation, justice, police, law, and military defence; the hundred court was used by the king's justices for the detection of crime. The sheriff was the king's representative in the shire, the bailiff of the hundred was the subordinate of the sheriff to carry out his orders. The county court met every four weeks and representatives

of the hundreds were bound to attend; the hundred courts met oftener at stated intervals. The Hundred Rolls were the result of an inquest ordered by Edward I in 1274 on his return from the Crusade into the encroachments of the magnates and the conduct of the officials. Returns under the seals of the jurors in every hundred were brought back to Westminster, and these were long known as the Ragman Rolls, but are now spoken of as the Hundred Rolls. What are left of them give a view of the local government of England under Edward I and indeed through the early Middle Ages. No such complete and comprehensible account of the machinery of local government has yet been written, and it would be difficult to find any omission in the plan on which the work is composed. Miss Cam has been working on the subject for years, and though there is much that remains to be finally settled, it is certain that this book will take its place as the authority on its subject. There are a number of novel and useful illustrations and an excellent index.

The Materials of Life. By T. R. Parsons. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

IN his preface to this "simple presentation of the science of biochemistry," as the sub-title modestly puts it, Mr. Parsons tells us that his aim has been to translate some of the knowledge that has been acquired of the materials of which living things are made, and of the complex but fascinating changes that these materials undergo during life, "from the cold symbolic language of technical science into the warmer, friendlier speech of every day, in order that the inherent poetry of these things may appear." The use of the word "poetry" to describe the chemical properties and behaviour of living matter may at first appear startling, but the fact remains that the scientific and poetic impulse is so much an exercise of the imagination working in and through facts that poetry of science is not the contra-



THE HERALD OF SUMMER!

Published by the

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

More Than a Guide—A Complete Holiday Service

1,000 PAGES

Over 8,000 Addresses of Hotels, Boarding Houses, etc.,

Over 700 Resorts fully described,
360 Photogravure Illustrations,

dealing with

DEVON	CAMBRIAN COAST
CORNWALL	ISLE OF MAN
SOMERSET	THAMES, SEVERN
DORSET	& WYE VALLEYS
NORTH WALES	CHANNEL ISLANDS
SOUTH WALES	etc., etc.

Letterpress by Maxwell Fraser.

THIS WONDERFUL SIXPENNYWORTH is obtainable at all G.W.R. Stations, Offices, Bookstalls and Agencies; from leading Booksellers and Newsagents throughout the country; or by post from the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W.2 (no charge for postage).

THE ONLY HOLIDAY GUIDE YOU NEED

diction it may seem. Perhaps the chapter of the present book which illustrates best this value of imagination in scientific experiment is that on the chemistry of muscular exercise. As for the book as a whole, it is one of the most admirable essays in science for the layman that has been published—a model of its kind.

Princesses, Ladies and Republicines of the Terror.

By Thérèse Louis Latour. Kegan Paul. 15s.

PLENTY of books have been written round Charlotte Corday and Marie Antoinette and Lucille Desmoulins and Madame de Talleyrand and other famous women of the Revolution. But who knows anything about Mme. Legros and the way she got out of the Bastille a man whom she believed to be an innocent victim, but who really deserved to be left there? And Anne-Joseph Terwagne, said by some to be a spy of the Austrian Emperor, by others regarded as one of the agitators in the pay of the Duc d'Orleans, and in either case one of the noisy tergiversants of the Revolution—who could tell you, offhand, anything of her origin or her history? It is particularly for the author's incisive, clear-cut, very readable studies of the lesser-known figures of the Revolution that this book is to be recommended. It is not, as with so many books of the kind, and of the period, a mere piece of bookmaking. Much knowledge and research have gone to the making of these monographs in little—sketches is too light a word. She presents the drama without being over-dramatic, and, indeed, puts new life even into figures who, if they escaped the guillotine, have since been done to death by less skilled but more wordy biographers.

John Marsh, Pioneer. By George D. Lyman. Scribner. 15s.

HERE is the plain tale of a real pioneer who was in at the birth of what may be called Greater America. It is told imaginatively, but without exaggeration, and its facts are gathered from many sources. Marsh, fortunately, was a great letter-writer, and as he was for much of his early life a Government servant, there are also official references to many of his exploits and indiscretions. A graduate of Harvard—his B.A. degree was to give him a peculiar standing among the pioneers—Marsh became a tutor and schoolmaster, with the intention of taking up medicine when he had the money to pay for the training. But circumstances altered all his plans. He became an Indian agent, attached to the Sioux. With these Indians he struck up a great friendship, which led him to take sides in purely Indian vendettas with disastrous results to himself and his mistress, a beautiful Sioux-French half-breed. Before the gold-rush of '48, he had settled in California, then a Spanish possession, where he practised as a physician on the strength of his arts' diploma, and did all he could to encourage Americans to settle there. A turbulent and a troublesome citizen, Marsh was of the stuff of which pioneers are made; and there is matter enough in this life to furnish material for a dozen romances.

A Vagabond in Barbary. By Harry L. Foster. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

THIS is a travel book of the kind in which everything possible is done to render it vivacious whether the material is interesting or not. The writing smacks of Hollywood, but those who do not object to a cinematographic manner will find plenty of entertainment and much interesting information in the book. In spite of the inconsequent conversations and the author's liking for feminine italics and for decorations in the way of small pieces of French, his pictures of Moroccan life have the appearance of fidelity. The description is best where it is most restrained, and Mr. Foster has many entertaining anecdotes to tell. The illustrations are excellent.

Every Tick

OF THE CLOCK

SOMEHOW—

SOMEWHERE—

SOMEONE—

is being helped by the
Social, Evangelical and
Missionary operations
of the

SALVATION ARMY

The maintenance of its vast
work, and thousands of
Institutions, depends upon
this Annual Self-Denial
Appeal. PLEASE HELP
to the best of your ability.

ANY GIFT

gratefully received
by Local S.A.
Officer, or General
E. J. HIGGINS,
101 Queen Victoria
Street, E.C.4

SELF-
DENIAL
EFFORT

Books

BOOKS.—100,000 in Stock on all subjects. Please state wants and ask for Catalogue. Below are a few very special bargains new as published and post free for cash.

Witchcraft and the Black Art by J. W. Wickwar. 8s. 6d. for 4s.
From Hobo to Cannibal King by C. J. Thornhill. 18s. for 8s. 6d.
Man and His Becoming according to the Vedanta by Guenon, translated by Whitby. 10s. 6d. for 6s.

Famous Curses by Elliott. 18s. for 9s. 6d.

Faust, with Coloured Plates, by Willy Pogany. 21s. for 7s. 6d.

Flaubert's Salambo. Illustrated and Decorated by Mahlon Blaine. Enclosed in a case. 21s. for 9s. 6d.

The Coaching Era by Violet Wilson, with 15 illustrations from Old Pictures and Prints. 12s. 6d. for 7s.

Biographical Dictionary of Old English Music by Jeffrey Pulver. 1927. 25s. for 10s. 6d.

Sir Richard Burton's Tales from the Gullstran. 1928. 10s. 6d. for 5s. 6d. Curious illus.

Amusements, Serious and Comical and other Works by Tom Brown. Illus. with reproductions of 16 contemporary engravings. 1927. 25s. for 12s.

Dostoevsky: The Man and his Work by Julius Meier-Graeffe. 1928. 25s. for 10s. 6d.

A Dickens Dictionary by A. J. Philip and W. Laurence Gadd. 1928. 21s. for 9s. 6d.

D. H. Lawrence. Mornings in Mexico. 1927. 7s. 6d. for 4s.

D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner. The Boy in the Bush. 1924. 7s. 6d. for 4s.

Memoirs of the Foreign Legion with an introduction by D. H. Lawrence. 1924. 7s. 6d. for 4s.

D. H. Lawrence. The Lost Girl. 1925. 9s. for 4s.

Love Smugglers and Naval Heroes by L. B. Behrens. Illus. 1929. 7s. 6d. for 3s. 6d.

BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP (GREVILLE WORTHINGTON)
14 & 16 JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 465

Twelfth of our Thirty-fourth Quarter.

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, March 5)

"HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN"—THERE YOU'LL FIND THE TWO THAT I, YOUR RIDDLE-WRITER, HAVE IN VIEW.
EXTREMES HERE MEET, FOR SEE, BEFORE YOU STAND THE HIGHEST AND THE LOWEST IN THE LAND!

1. Felt by first-trippers, not by seasoned tars.
2. She taught mankind the science of the stars.
3. Like grape-juice driven from its native skin.
4. "I'm hatched!" chirps chickie, eager to begin.
5. He, agile, is than sluggish Bob much better.
6. To scratch like mad. (BAKER * has dropt a letter).
7. By me HORTENSIA's grandson met his doom.
8. So goes down many a murderer to the tomb.
9. Is it, for ladies to vacate your seat?
10. Far better half, you know, then nought to eat.
11. Curtail a cousin of the long-legged stork.
12. Should we eat soup, sir, with a knife, or fork?
13. How many a one, alas, on every hand
Now mars the beauty of our native land!

* Compiler of Bell's 'Acrostic Dictionary' (1927).

Solution of Acrostic No. 463

Hab	it	uaL	1	"May I not confess that no turn of
sE	rm	On ¹		expression however felicitous—no
R	o	Be		collocation of words however emphatic
R	uthles	S ²		—no other sentences whatsoever,
Ig	nora	nT		although rounded or pointed for effect
N	ap	E		with the most consummate skill, have
G	litte	R		ever given me so much delight as those
N	a	Pkin		dear phrases which are employed in
E	spart	O		winding up a sermon, when it is
Tr	eat me	nT		brought to its long-wished-for close?"

SOUTHEY: 'The Doctor, etc.', ch. xlv.
2 Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
GRAY: 'The Bard.'

ACROSTIC No. 463.—The winner is "Rho Kappa," Mr. R. Copeman, End House, Owlstone Road, Cambridge, who has selected as his prize 'A History of Later Latin Literature,' by F. A. Wright and T. A. Sinclair, published by Routledge and reviewed by us on February 14. Twelve other competitors chose this book, eight named 'Simpson. A Life,' eight 'Al Capone,' seven 'Characters and Observations,' seven 'An Agatha Christie Omnibus,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Ali, E. Barrett, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boote, Boris, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, C. C. J., Clam, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, Harrison Fogg, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, Gean, T. Hartland, Iago, Jeff, Lillian, T. D. Lowe, Madge, Martha, Met, M. I. R., N. O. Sellam, Peter, Penelope, F. M. Petty, Rabbits, Shorwell, Shrub, Sisypheus, St. Ives, Stucco, R. Tullis, Junr., Tyro, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Bimbo, Charles G. Box, Carrog, J. Chambers, Maud Crowther, D. L., Reginald P. Eccles, Falcon, Farsdon, J. Fincham, Gay, Glamis, Reginald J. Hope, Mrs. Lole, George W. Miller, Rand, N. C. Sainsbury, H. M. Vaughan, W. H. B. B., Mrs. Milne.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—J. F. Maxwell.

Light 4 baffled 11 solvers; Light 2, 6; Light 6, 3; Light 10, 1. R. TULLIS, JUNR.—We shall not issue an Acrostic leaflet this year.

MISS CARTER.—Your ninth Light reads "Hexateuch," which means "Genesis to Joshua."

BERTRAM R. CARTER.—So far as possible I avoid words not in the C.O.D. Sanguifuous is not even in Bell's Acrostic Dictionary, which contains at least 10,000 words which I should never dream of using.

BOSKERRIS.—"Get" was not a misprint. "You'll know me by this token" shows that a singular noun is required, and it is easy to infer that the pronoun "I" is to be supplied before "always."

Company Meeting

SELFRIDGE & COMPANY LIMITED

IMPORTANT ENLARGEMENT OF PREMISES OUTLINED

The Twenty-third Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Selfridge and Company, Limited, was held on Thursday last, in the Palm Court at the Company's Store, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Mr. H. Gordon Selridge, Chairman and Managing Director, who presided, said the year 1930 started by showing reasonable increases in our returns over the corresponding periods of the previous year. February and May practically balanced 1929, while March, April and June put us well into black figures. July showed a small loss but the first six months were substantially on the right side. The second six months were not so good. Prices continued to fall, and we, in company with all similar distributing houses in the country, found it necessary to increase, more than ever, the number of customers. In this we were reasonably successful, for our figures show that we served several hundred thousand more customers than during any previous year. Notwithstanding all this we saw, with regret, a small decline in our returns under those of 1929.

Our expenses were necessarily greater in percentage than during the previous year, chiefly because our pay-roll remained high. We have made no dismissals, except for cause, no reductions in salaries or wages, and no enforced holidays or short hour days or weeks. We do not like these methods of economizing and have refrained from using them.

Now there is one public question to which I should like to refer, i.e., the matter of retail prices as compared with what are called "wholesale" prices. Present-day prices—in this store at least—are continually being pulled down as rapidly as their first cost of production makes possible, but we still see occasional public criticisms that "retail prices are failing to keep pace with wholesale reductions." The basis which these critics have to go on is the so-called "Wholesale List" as supplied by the Board of Trade, and when we analyse this "Wholesale List," we find in it very many items which are not even remotely related to the cost of living and which in no way enter into the question of the average price in retail distribution.

The difference between such costs and the finished product, which is the condition in which it must be offered to the consumer, is made up almost entirely by wages or other labour costs, and these are practically all high and very much above pre-war. The price, for example, of a lady's dress or child's frock or man's overcoat or suit or nearly any article of wear, should not be compared with the price of raw wool which, incidentally, is a very small item in its cost, but should be compared instead with those few shillings worth of wool and in addition the labour costs in all of the many different processes which go to build that wool into the finished article. The great distributing house pays the manufacturer for the wool, which is a small item, plus the labour, which is a large factor, and these added together make the article cost more than pre-war.

Our contention then is that retail prices have followed those reductions which have been obtained from the manufacturers, and have been quickly passed on to the public, and that the great stores have been foremost in helping to reduce the cost of living. This is further proved by the fact that the gross profits per cent. of these stores have been no greater and in many instances less than during previous years.

We shall start, within a month or two, a very great but not rapid scheme of premises enlargement. We realized, a long time ago, the practical impossibility of seriously increasing the returns of this business with its present floor area, which is only half or less than half in square footage that of the two or three similar distributing houses in this country and very much smaller than are similar businesses in America or on the Continent. The store is too small. The throngs of customers on our various floors are often almost too great. With this fact evidently and continually before us we approached, some time ago, the heads of the two estates who hold most of the land between our store and Wigmore Street. Leases for ninety years were made and we shall begin very shortly a building on the corner of Duke and Somerset Streets, measuring about 230 by 200 feet. But, inasmuch as we shall not quite require the entire completed building at once, we shall build at the start only the ground floor and three basements. This structure we hope to have at least partially ready for next Christmas trade. Then, as we may require the additional space, we will cover more land with our building and add the upper stories to those about to be built. The whole thing becomes an extremely interesting undertaking.

In a complicated business such as this, in which so much responsibility is increasingly delegated to managers, supervisors, buyers, etc., and where intelligence is so absolutely needed on the part of every member and in every transaction, the quality of the staff is of vital importance. Furthermore, to be thoroughly efficient the members of that staff must work together co-operatively and unitedly.

I am happy to feel that in this great staff delightful intelligence is manifest upon innumerable occasions and in extraordinary ways. To the general ability, enthusiasm, imagination, loyalty and love of that game called business much of the "spirit of the House" is due.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE Stock Exchange is suffering from political markets, and when one has said this one has referred to the principal factor that is depressing prices and limiting the volume of business. This is unfortunate, but not surprising. At this time of the year the Stock Exchange generally looks forward to the Budget, and during recent years this looking forward has been tinged with a good deal of apprehension. This year it is no exaggeration to say that the apprehension has become definite alarm. While the City appreciates that there are many things which the politicians will not do—things which the City contends are of paramount importance—there is a good deal of uncertainty as to what the politicians will do.

In these notes last week reference was made to the setback in gilt-edged securities, and the subject need not be stressed again to-day. The marking down, however, of certain industrial shares for fear of Budgetary attention seems to have been overdone. Assuming that the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to attack those very few industries which so far appear to have avoided the effects of the general industrial depression, there still does not appear any sound reason for the prices of their shares to be as seriously depreciated as has been the case during the last week or two, for the very good reason that it is reasonably safe to assume that if the Chancellor in his next Budget includes fresh heavy taxation on tobacco and beer, those controlling these companies will have no alternative but to pass the added impost on to the consumer, as has been done in the past. Even if such procedure could be avoided, it would be undesirable so to do. Mr. Snowden has told us that everyone must be prepared to face sacrifices. By increasing the price of cigarettes and beer the sacrifice is spread over the very widest range. There can be no possible fairness or equity in the shareholders of these particular companies being singled out to pay more than their just quota, by their directors not passing any increased taxation on to the consumer and meeting it by a reduction in dividends to their shareholders. For political reasons—or to put it more accurately, if more brutally, for vote-catching reasons—one can understand the Socialist Government not wishing to be the cause of increasing the cost of the working man's beer and tobacco. At the same time, it is to be hoped that the directors of the companies concerned will resist any efforts that may be made to prevent them from passing any increased taxation on to the public.

In these circumstances, it certainly would seem that the substantial fall in the price of brewery shares and Imperial Tobacco shares is illogical, and it is suggested that at the present levels these shares should constitute attractive investments, particularly the shares of the Imperial Tobacco Company, whose recent report disclosed so sound a position, and whose chairman, Lord Dulverton, at the recent meeting was able to refer to the future of the company in such reassuring terms.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER

While in no way wishing to encourage investors to seek dollar investments, it is suggested that there are certain Canadian utility shares standing at attractive levels which constitute very sound permanent holdings. In this category particular attention is drawn to the A shares of the British Columbia Power Corporation Limited. These A shares are entitled to a preferential dividend of \$2 per share, which they are now receiving in the shape of a distribution of 50 cents each quarter. After receiving their fixed \$2 dividend, profits are divided equally between the A and the B shares until the A have

received the maximum of \$5 in any one year. The company operates through a subsidiary, the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, which owns electric railway systems in the two chief towns of British Columbia, Vancouver and Victoria. In addition, it supplies all the electric and gas services in these and a number of other important municipalities in the Province. Gross revenues have shown consistent expansion despite trade depression, the returns for the past seven months being considerably in excess of those for the same period of last year. At the present level, these British Columbia A shares on their \$2 a year dividend basis show a yield of not far short of 5 per cent. As it is believed that in due course the dividend on these shares will be increased, they appear an attractive holding, which combines reasonable yield and good security with a strong prospect of substantial capital appreciation in the future. The B shares are naturally of a more speculative category, but they also appear to possess decided possibilities if locked away over a period of years.

THE FIGHT FOR FINANCIAL SUPREMACY

Those interested in the theme of international finance should make a special point of reading Dr. Paul Einzig's recently published book, 'The Fight for Financial Supremacy.' The subject is a particularly complex one, but the author deals with it with exceptional lucidity. Dr. Einzig emphasizes the need for co-operation which alone can bring stability in the international money market as well as to the world price level.

BOVRIL LTD.

Those seeking a sound industrial investment should not overlook the deferred shares of Bovril Limited. For the fifth year in succession, these shares have received dividends of 13 per cent. While earnings for 1930 showed some falling off as compared with the previous year, they still figured at the comfortable total of £359,471. The Bovril company has the advantage of an exceptional capable board of directors. Its finances are conservatively managed and its prospects appear satisfactory.

INDIA TYRE AND RUBBER CO.

It is gratifying to find a company the directors of which are able to announce that in 1930 their profits were double those of the preceding year. This somewhat unique result has been achieved by the India Tyre and Rubber Company (Great Britain) Limited. The annual report recently issued shows that the net profit for 1930 amounted to £259,791, which compared with £130,426 for the previous year. The capital of this company is divided into 625,000 7½ per cent. Cumulative Participated Preference shares of £1 and 2,500,000 Deferred shares of 1s. The Deferred shares which for 1929 received a dividend of 27½ per cent., are now to receive 57½ per cent. for 1930. At their present level, these India Tyre and Rubber Deferred shares appear to possess possibilities.

MARCONI MARINE

In the course of the next few weeks the report of the Marconi International Marine Communications Company should be issued, and should make favourable reading for shareholders. In the progress report issued last June, the directors stated that the results for the first five months of 1930 were no less satisfactory than for the corresponding period of the previous year, and they further stated that they confidently anticipated the results for the rest of the year would be equally good. In declaring their interim dividend in October they stated they had no reason to qualify the remarks made in their June circular. For 1929 dividends of 15 per cent. were distributed on these Marconi Marine shares, which, at the present level, appear to constitute a sound industrial lock-up.

TAURUS

Company Meetings

The Underground

The Annual General Meetings of Metropolitan District Railway Company, London Electric Railway Company, City and South London Railway Company, Central London Railway Company, London General Omnibus Company Limited, Metropolitan Electric Tramways, Limited, London United Tramways, Limited, South Metropolitan Electric Tramways and Lighting Company, Limited, London and Suburban Traction Company, Limited, Underground Electric Railways Company of London Limited, was held on Thursday last at the Caxton Hall, Westminster.

The Right Honourable Lord Ashfield, who presided, said, Gentlemen, we meet to-day under the shadow of proposals which may radically alter our relations one with another, for the Minister of Transport has given notice of a Bill by which he seeks to transfer the ownership and control of your several undertakings to a London Passenger Transport Board, and in exchange for your present stocks and shares, to issue to you bonds or securities of different classes of this Board. Now we cannot help but pursue a consistent policy. We have always held that there were great advantages to flow from a co-ordination of all the means of passenger transport in the London Traffic Area, so that the planning of its development might take place on unified and well-considered lines and so that wasteful and injurious competition might be extinguished. In so far as the Minister of Transport has this in mind, he is entitled to our full support. But we must remind ourselves of our own history because in that history, brief and recent though it be, can be learned the lessons which must guide the future of London transport. For I think it is fair to say that the Minister of Transport could not have brought forward his scheme if it had not been for the policy which we have pursued and executed in the last 16 years, for it was in 1915 that the Act of Parliament was secured which first established our Common Fund and so laid the wide and sure foundation upon which a more comprehensive structure could be built.

Dealing with the results of the last ten years and the allocation of revenue, the chairman said: It may surprise you to learn that there is still another party interested in our results because of the share of the revenue which it obtains from them. I refer to the Government, central and local. In 1921 we paid in rates and taxes £601,896. In 1930 we paid almost exactly double, £1,210,135. Further, in 1921 we had thrust upon us statutory obligations for national insurance and other matters affecting our staff, costing £81,511. In 1930 these obligations had again almost doubled, amounting to £157,943. In addition, the Companies voluntarily found £80,410 for the welfare of the staff in 1921 and £158,961 in 1930. Omitting what we paid voluntarily, in 1921 we paid out £683,407 to meet statutory demands made on us, and in 1930 £1,368,078, or £684,671 more.

It is true that our revenues meanwhile have increased, but while this increase measures only 23 per cent., the tolls which we pay to the Government have increased 100 per cent. The Government, central and local between them, without taking any risks in the business, now enjoys an aggregate return exceeding your return as shareholders. The result is, indeed, striking, and I must utter a clear word of warning that, so far as human foreknowledge can be trusted, we cannot see that these undertakings can be used as instruments for further taxation and, at the same time, fulfil their functions and their duty to the public and their employees. It must be borne in mind that that duty includes the constant expansion of the facilities afforded to the vast population of London for travelling to and from their daily occupations. It is a duty which the Companies endeavour to fulfil, yet they cannot do so if they are deprived in an ever-increasing degree of their available surplus. It may be suggested that the loss by taxation should be made good at the expense of the travelling public; but we are satisfied that we should not add appreciably to our revenues by increasing our fares. The present scale of fares is, in our opinion, producing the maximum revenue possible. Or it may be suggested that the shareholders should bear the additional burden, but I would remind you that the return to those persons who have invested their money in these undertakings is still of a modest description, and no one can reasonably expect them to give up any part of that modest return in order to widen the extent of our activities.

I should perhaps give you notice of yet another Bill which we hope to promote in the present session of Parliament, but for which we have not yet obtained the necessary consents. We have in mind to promote a Bill which will enable us to build an extension of the Bakerloo Section of the London Electric Railway from the Elephant and Castle to Camberwell Green, a distance of 1½ miles, at a gross cost of £1,875,000, approximately.

Another venture of the year 1930 was the formation of a new company—Green Line Coaches Limited. The whole of the shares of this Company are held by the London General Omnibus Company and it is to be regarded as one of its subsidiaries. So long as the motor coaches running in and out of London went long distances and charged fares on the basis of these long distances, we could disregard them, but when they suddenly turned to running between the outskirts

of Greater London and the centre, charging fares of 1s. and even less, we were compelled to take steps for the protection of our traffics. Ever since 1912 we have been operating long distance omnibuses to points on the circumference of the London Traffic Area, and we have built up a substantial traffic upon these routes by maintaining services all the year round, even if in the earlier trial years and during the winter months this involved us in some loss. Now we see the traffic, which we have diligently built up at some expense, taken from us and our labours wasted. The patient omnibus stopping from point to point to serve the route is outstripped by the speedy coach so that once more we are faced with the running of our country omnibuses at a loss. There would appear to be no remedy except by the provision of coach services of our own, and realizing this we have now in operation a complete alphabet of routes running from London to all the important centres of population on the outskirts of London within a radius of 25 to 30 miles. These routes employ 250 motor coaches and our aim will be to give a reliable and comfortable service in every way as good as other services which have been given by your Group of Companies. Only by this means can we retain and satisfy our passengers.

The coach business has come to stay. They have created a fresh class of traffic which was neither on the omnibuses nor in the railways. Some part has indeed been diverted from one or other, but some part represents that itch for movement which an efficient and convenient traffic facility creates. The public must be served.

This policy of restriction is the antithesis of our policy as a group of Companies. It is the policy of failure. The briefest glance at history will reveal this. Over 200 years ago, the streets of London were narrow, unpaved lanes for the most part. The journey from Westminster to the City by road was dangerous, dirty and uncomfortable, so that the River Thames, with its wherries, handled most of the traffic. To ride on horseback or in a Sedan chair was the mode. Coaches were rare. There was not indeed room for them in the streets. And when the hackney coach arrived there was the same opposition that now assails the motor coach. Wagons were repressed by rigorous restrictions. The Government of the day tried prohibitive regulations. They were fruitless. Roads had to be paved and widened. The wherry and the Sedan chair disappeared. Let there be order in the use of the streets. Let there be control in the provision of services. Let there be economic equality established with other forms of transport, and the motor coach will take its fair and proper place in a complete system of transport.

Before I come to deal with the affairs of your Companies as revealed in the Annual Reports and Accounts, which I have to present to you, I must return once more to the important subject of the co-ordination of London traffic and say just a few further words to you about the scheme of the Minister of Transport. I am sorry that I can give you so little information, but although we have met the advisers of the Minister on several occasions, no concrete proposals have been put before us which it would be our duty to put to you. If you have read the newspapers you will know almost as much as we do about the Minister's intentions. This is not to accuse the Minister and his advisers of delay or neglect. The questions at issue are of extreme difficulty. We have been face to face with them for many years. No one can step in and take them on hastily, thinking to answer them easily and truly. Haste may be fatal to any settlement. The answers frame themselves slowly as the questions are analysed and explored. Therefore I am not surprised myself at the situation. I am not surprised that a whole year should have slipped by since I last broached this topic to you, and still nothing definite has been formulated. I can commend the caution and care of the Minister, but until there is something specific upon which to proceed, I can only reaffirm our policy—your policy as I venture to express it—that so long as the Minister's scheme will provide for the continued progress and expansion of the undertakings to serve the public, for enterprise and skill in management, for the security and welfare of the staffs which we employ, and at the same time will afford you a fair exchange for your stocks and shares, it will be our duty to assist and help him at every point. That exchange must give you protection against any impairment of your security so that your capital investment may remain intact and yield you a fair return, based upon what we have been able to provide for you under our present management, and for some equitable share in the future prospects of your undertakings.

When you come to study the results for the present year, I am confident that you will find that economies in costs have been made which will offset the adversities which have diminished our traffic receipts, so that when next year I come to present to you the results for the year 1931 you will have no reason to be less satisfied with them than you should be with the results that I present to you to-day. Our spirit remains one of optimism.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

THE LONDON AND THAMES HAVEN OIL WHARVES, LTD.

The 33rd Ordinary General Meeting of this Company was held on February 25, at Winchester House, E.C.

Before the ordinary business was taken, Mr. Thos. C. J. Burgess (one of the Managing Directors) announced his appointment as chairman in succession to Lord Kysant, retired, and strongly appealed to the shareholders to re-elect Lord Kysant as a director.

Proceeding, the chairman said that the profit had increased from £236,555 to £271,775. An interim dividend of 5 per cent., free of tax, had been paid on the ordinary capital, and it was proposed to pay a final dividend of 5 per cent. on March 28, and a bonus of 5 per cent. free of income tax up to 4s. 6d. in the pound, on June 30 next. It was because of the board's conservative policy that the company had been able to withstand the strain of present-day difficulties, and whatever the future had in store the directors felt they could meet it with confidence. The handling of oil products was a highly specialized business, in which the company had been pre-eminently outstanding for over 30 years, and when attempts had been made to take advantage of this company's standing in appeals to the public for concerns with supposed similar objects, a comparison was made one way or another, but there were certain points which should always be remembered. The company had over 1,000,000 tons of tankage alone, at under £1 per ton valuation, whereas no concern had appealed to the public without showing a capital valuation per ton of tankage of about £3 or over. The company owned about 1,700 acres of freehold land, with over 3 miles of frontage to the Thames, five deep water jetties, with two for smaller craft, and four freehold and two leasehold properties in the London area; also facilities for the distribution of petroleum, and refineries capable of handling very large quantities of petroleum products.

Referring to the developments in France, he said that they would during the year complete the building of the total length of deep water jetties—about 5,000 feet in all. They would then have facilities for berthing and handling four of the largest passenger liners afloat, with magnificently appointed maritime station facilities at a port under 3 hours' journey from Paris. The company's ordinary oil storage business in France had largely increased, and 19 new large tanks had been erected and brought into use.

The report was unanimously adopted, and the motion to re-elect Lord Kysant as a director was carried with one dissentient.

Spring Books



All the books published this Spring, whether reviewed or advertised in 'The Saturday Review' or in any other paper, can be purchased through any bookstall or bookshop of

W. H. SMITH & SON

Newsagents : Booksellers : Stationers

1250 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT ENGLAND AND WALES

Head Office :

W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., Strand House, W.C.2

"The Recognised Organ of the Legal Profession."

THE SOLICITORS' JOURNAL

ESTABLISHED 1857

PERMANENT FEATURES:

CURRENT TOPICS.—Discussing the legal aspect of matters of interest to all Lawyers, Accountants, Bankers, Surveyors, Estate Agents, Auctioneers, etc., etc.

A CONVEYANCER'S DIARY.—Being a review of points under the Law of Property Acts, &c.

LANDLORD AND TENANT NOTEBOOK.—Explaining points under the Rent Restriction Acts, the Landlord and Tenant Act, 1927, and on the Law of Landlord and Tenant generally.

THE COMPANIES ACT, 1929.—Practice Notes, invaluable to Solicitors, Accountants, Company Secretaries, etc.

CRIMINAL LAW AND PRACTICE.—Notes by Eminent Criminal Lawyers.

POINTS IN PRACTICE.—Submitted by Registered Subscribers, answered by Specialists. Urgent replies promptly sent by post.

NOTES ON THE LATEST LEGAL DECISIONS.

COUNTY COURT LETTER.—Of importance to County Court Practitioners.

LEGAL PARABLES.—Presenting the humorous side of the law.

INCLUSIVE ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: £2 12s. 0d.

For SPECIMEN COPY apply

THE ASSISTANT EDITOR, "THE SOLICITORS' JOURNAL,"

29, Breems Buildings, E.C.4. (Telephone: Holborn 1853.)

Education

HARROGATE COLLEGE, YORKSHIRE

CHAIRMAN: THE RT. HON. LORD GISBOROUGH

FIVE Entrance Scholarships are open for competition for entrance to the school in September, 1931, to girls between the ages of 12 and 15; value £90 to £50.

Latest date for returning Entry Forms, March 16th. Full particulars may be obtained from Headmistress's Secretary.

SANDECOTES SCHOOL, PARKSTONE, DORSET

AN open Scholarship of £50 per annum is offered to girls over 10 and under 13 on July 31st, 1931. Last date of entry, March 14th. Examination May 11th to 13th. Apply to the Headmistress.

Typewriting

LITERARY TYPEWRITING. MSS. 1s. per 1,000 words, Carbon copy, 3d. per 1,000 words, carefully executed. Testimonials and circulars duplicated. Miss Nancy McFarlane (4), 44 Elderton Road, Westcliff.

HAVE your typewriting and duplicating executed efficiently and cheaply by Miss Sergeant, 9 Talbot House, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. Temple Bar 2269.

YOUR TYPEWRITING AND DUPLICATING can be executed with maximum efficiency at minimum cost by Miss Grouse, 35 Church St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.C. Gerr. 1542.

BBETTER TYPING! Authors (and others) who appreciate impeccable spelling and punctuation send to:— Mrs. Freeman, 16 Ilchester Mansions, Kensington, W.8. Terms moderate.

Medical

HIGH BLOOD-PRESSURE, HEART ATTACKS, etc. Successful Treatment with Dr. Mladejovsky's "Drosil" Tablets as reported in the "Lancet." Descriptive Booklet Free. Drosil Agency, Dept. 10B, 26 Sun St., London, E.C.2.

NASAL CATARRH relieved at once and ultimately cured with Pyorrhosol—the wonderful mouth, nose and throat specific—money returned in full if not proved by any user. Descriptive matter free from Dept. 100 Pyorrhosol, 165/7 Waterloo Road, London, S.E.1.

Literary

PUBLISHER anxious to discover new talent invites few original MSS. Novels, verse, plays, educational. Send MSS. for immediate consideration. Publisher, c/o Imperial Literary Agency, 6 Conduit Street, W.1.

SONG POEMS, Songs and Musical Compositions of every description wanted for publication. Send MSS. (Dept. 273), Peter Derek Ltd., 8 Moor Street, Cambridge Circus, London, W.1.

STORIES, Articles, Serial and Verse Wanted. Prompt payment. Post MSS. to Secretary, P.L.A., PINDERS ROAD, HASTINGS. (Est. 1911.)

JOURNALISM AND SHORT-STORY WRITING TAUGHT BY POST. Equip yourself for earning money as a spare-time writer. Interesting book offered FREE which tells how you may attain the power of penmanship. Write TO-DAY.—METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM, Dept. J4/8, ST. ALBANS.

Miscellaneous

J. T. HILL, 39 PEPYS ROAD, WEST WIMBLEDON. Decorations, Alterations and all repairs. Phone 2523 Wimbledon. Manufacturer of "ODO" paint and marble cleaner. Samples free.

Tailoring

ECONOMY! Why buy NEW CLOTHES when the garments you are wearing are obviously only soiled and shiny on the one side, but will stand years of hard wear if you send them to us to be TURNED. We guarantee that the fit and style will in no way be affected. This only applies to high class garments. We have been turning clothes since 1907. Let us therefore fit you out with a new wardrobe. WALTER CURRALL, 6 Broadway, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

Shipping

P. & O. & BRITISH INDIA

MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICES

(Under Contract with H.M. Government)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from

LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc. MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, SUDAN, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, etc., etc., etc.

P. & O. and B.I. Tickets interchangeable, also Tickets of P. & O., Orient and New Zealand Shipping Companies

Addresses for all Passenger Business P. & O. House 14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1 or City Office, P. & O. 130 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3; FREIGHT (P. & O. or B.I.) APPLY, 130 LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3; B.I. Agents: GRAY, DAVE & Co., 130 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.

HANDKERCHIEFS PROLONG COLDS

as if used repeatedly they re-infect the patient and prolong the cold. A simple way to prevent this continual re-infection is to use the beautifully soft and absorbent

"TOINOCO SILKY FIBRE" ASEPTIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

Use each Handkerchief once and destroy.

Packed in sealed cartons of 50 for 2s. at all Chemists. Also "Toinoco Papier Crepon" (English) 50 for 1/3 and 1/6. Sole Proprietors, The Toinoco Handkerchief Co., Ltd., (Dept. 15), 55 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

QUEEN'S THEATRE

(Ger. 9437)

Evenings 8.15. Mats. Weds., Sats. and Easter Mon. at 2.30

BARRY JACKSON presents

THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET

by RUDOLF BESIER

WHY NOT

live within a 1d. 'bus fare of Bond Street and Selfridges? Come to 34 Southwick Street, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Room and breakfast from 5/6 daily. Baths free. No tips. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms.

Apply MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Tel. No. - - Paddington 2364

1931 Luxury - Economy

AT THE NEW

ECCLESTON HOTEL

VICTORIA, S.W.1

Room with Hot and Cold Water, Phone and Bath from 8/- Room with Private Bath from 10/6 Beautiful Ballroom available

Proprietor - - Sir JAMES ERSKINE, J.P.

LITERARY COMPETITION

COUPON No. 22

VALID FOR ALL COMPETITIONS

TO BE ATTACHED TO EACH ENTRY

'Saturday Review,' February 28th

Saturday Review Across: 28.2.1931

Allen & Unwin	Faber & Faber	Nash & Grayson
Appleton	Fisher Unwin	Noel Douglas
Arrowsmith	Foulis	Odams Press
Bale & Danielsson	Harper	Peter Davies
Blackwell	Harrap	Putnam's
Benn	Heinemann	Richardson
Bies	Herrert Jenkins	Routledge
Burns & Oates	Hodder & Stoughton	Sampson Low
Cecil Palmer	Hodge	Scribner's
Chapman & Hall	Hurst & Blackett	Selys & Blount
Cobden Sanderson	Hutchinson	Sheed & Ward
Collins	Jarrod	S.P.C.K.
Constable	Kegan Paul	Stanley Paul
Crosby Lockwood	Knopf	The Bodley Head
Dent	Labour Publishing Co.	The Studio
Duckworth	Longmans	Victor Gollancz
Elkin Mathews and	Melrose	Ward, Lock
Marrot	Mills & Bown	Werner, Laurie
	Murray	Wishart

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon